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The Living Church

VOL. XXXV.

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NO. 21

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And so we may see the Sprit-bearing Church, with whole-hearted recognition of all the elements and wants of human life, proffering to men through visible means the manifold gifts of grace needed for their progress and welfare in the way until they reach the Country. As temptation grows more complex and severe, and the soul begins to realize the warfare that it has to wage, the personal indwelling of the Holy Ghost, vouchsafed by the laying on of hands, completes the preparation of Christ's soldier; as the desolating sense of failure threatens to unnerve the will and to take such hold upon the soul that it is not able to look up, the authoritative message of forgiveness brings again the strength of purity and the light of hope, and recalls the scattered forces of the inner life to expel the encroaching evil and to regain whatever had been lost. For special vocations there are special means of grace; by ordination God vouchsafes to guilty men the glory of the priesthood; and in Christian marriage He confers the grace that hallows human love to be the brightness and the safeguard of an earthly home, and the earnest of the home in heaven. And thus in the manifold employment of the sacramental principle there again appears that characteristic of excellence of Christianity, which is secured in the very nature of sacraments: namely, its recognition of the whole problem with which it claims to deal. It speaks to us as we are: there is no true need of which it will not take account; it will lead us without loss to the realization of our entire being.—*Bishop Paget.*

Oh, how is the face of life altered, as soon as a man has in earnest made his first object to do his Father's will! Oh, how do, what before seemed grievous burdens, bodily sickness, domestic trial, privations, losses, bereavement, the world's scorn, man's unthankfulness, or whatever grief his Father may put upon him, how do these things change! To those, whose hope is in heaven, everything becomes a means of discipline, an instrument of strengthening their cheerful acceptance of their Father's will. Their irksome tasks, privations, sickness, heaviness of heart, unkindness of others, and all the sorrows which their Father allots them in this world, are so many means of conforming them to their Saviour's image. Then doth everything which God doeth with them seem to them "very good," even because He doth it.—*Edward B. Pusey.*

A SOUL that is patient waits with calm endurance for light before acting, and in virtue of this calm and patient endurance suffers no pain or anxiety, because the soul possesses herself and waits for light; and when the mind waits patiently for light, sooner or later it is sure to come. Trials of mind affect us more deeply than pains of body, and if we give way to anxiety such trials become troubles, and are immensely increased. But this cannot happen to those patient souls, who feel that they are in the hands of God, and are encircled with His fatherly providence, and that all things are in His disposal. When we see not our way through some trial or difficulty, we have only to look to God, and to wait in patience, and in due time His light will come and guide us. This very attitude of waiting, this very patience of expecting, will dispose the mind to receive, and the will to rightly use, the needful light. Whenever you are perplexed as to what course you should take, if you go blindly into action you will be sure to repent it. Wait for light, wait with patience, and light will not fail you.—*William Bernard Ullathorne.*

THE TRUE proficiency of the soul consists not so much in deep thinking, or eloquent speaking, or beautiful writing; as in much and warm loving. Now, if you ask me in what way this much and warm love may be acquired, I answer—By resolving to do the will of God, and by watching to do His will as often as occasion offers. Those who truly love God love all good wherever they find it. They seek all good to all men. They commend all good, they always acknowledge and defend all good. They have no quarrels. They bear no envy. O Lord, give me more and more of this blessed love! It will be a magnificent comfort in the hour of death to know that we are on our way to be judged by Him whom we have loved above all things. We are not going to a strange country, since it is His country whom we love and who loves us.—*St. Teresa.*

IF WE would without distress and weakness face our condition, we must open our hearts to the belief that, living or dying, we are never out of the hands of God.—*Dean Church.*

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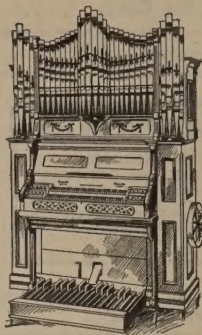
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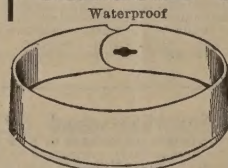
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Parish Registers

The following communication appeared in
an English Colonial Church paper:

To the Editor of *The Church Chronicle*:

DEAR SIR:—I had occasion recently to con-
sult the Baptismal Registers of a certain parish
in this diocese for the purpose of ascertaining
the dates of Baptism of five confirmation candi-
dates. In one case only was the entry in all
points correct. In each of the others serious
mistakes had been made in the entry of the
Christian names. Thus "Winifred Stanley," ap-
peared as "Winstanley," "Ruth Dawson" as
"Ruth Dossan," "Alexander" as "Alexandria,"
and "Staveley" as "Stanely." Since then I have
found two other serious errors in the same regis-
ters. From the writing the entries would seem
to be made by the same clerk and are signed by
different officiating clergy. A fairly wide experi-
ence of parochial registers both in this diocese
and in England leads me to think that all of us
who have charge of registers would do well to
bear constantly in mind the great need of pains-
taking accuracy in order to avoid what may, and
probably will, cause in the future grave incon-
veniences to persons the particulars of whose
Baptism, etc., have been entered incorrectly. I
venture to think that it is worthy of the con-
sideration of Theological Tutors and Bishop's
Examining Chaplains whether it would not be
advisable to make "the law as it specially affects
the clergy" a subject of teaching and examining
in preparation for Deacon's Orders.

I am, etc., CLERICUS.

The above is reproduced for three reasons:
1st, to show that the English clergy are just
about as careless as many of our own. 2nd,
to call attention to the suggestion that can-
didates for Deacons' Orders be examined as
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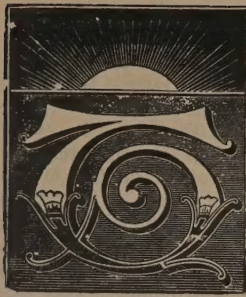
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EDITION D.

Same as Edition C., with Appendix for Fam-
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The Living Church



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EDITORIALS AND COMMENTS

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ONLY to remember that such have been, that we walked for a season with them, is a chastening, a purifying, yea, and however much we may miss and mourn them, a gladdening thought.—Richard Chenevix Trench.

THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD.

KEEP, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy Church with Thy perpetual mercy."

For more than three thousand years, in one form or another, this prayer has ascended from earth to heaven; and for more than three thousand years it has been continuously answered. Despite times of dense, overwhelming clouds, despite times of almost complete submergence, as during the dark periods of oppression, or captivity, of the people of God; despite disloyalty, error, and schism within, and fierce persecution and foes without; despite the domination at times of the human over the divine element, subverting the truth and the law of God to the tradition and superstitions of man—nevertheless, the perpetual mercy of God has kept His Church, and preserved it through all vicissitude.

Openly, when upon earth as Jesus Christ, did He rebuke its errors, expose its failures, uncloak and overthrow its priestcraft, and brought to view its existing limitations. Yet all the more unflinchingly went forth the decree that purified, strengthened, its promises and prophecies fulfilled, that the Church should pursue its great mission, its boundaries extended to the uttermost parts of the earth, and so firmly established, so perpetually preserved, that the powers of hell itself should not prevail against it.

How literally has that word been fulfilled; and to-day, from one part or another of every land under the sun, ascends anew the prayer: "Keep, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy Church with Thy perpetual mercy."

And have not the children of God and man alike, full cause to offer this petition? Lax as have grown many even of its adherents to solemn vows of allegiance, lukewarm in love and service, yet let us try, if possible, to picture our own world of to-day, with this embodiment of the Word and will of God eliminated. Many there are, it is true, who decry its need, and profess superiority to its aid. But are they quite just in denying, or ignoring, the influence unacknowledged, it may be, yet none the less silently permeating the community about them? Are there not thousands who deny its power or its claims, yet who live and breathe the daily the uplifting atmosphere of its life of by-gone ages, the priceless legacy of generations past bequeathed to generations yet unborn?

But to a countless host, yet more, is it the ever active Powerhouse of vital spiritual life and energy, imparting continually its impetus, its inspiration, to the higher plane of life and action.

Nor true is this alone of the spiritual sphere; wherever its voice is heard surely none will deny that there will be found the greatest enterprises for the relief, protection, and rescue of human life, and through its messengers those refusing open allegiance to its call, hear the cry of suffering humanity, and reach forth the succoring hand to the appeal for help.

Despite, then, its human and therefore its fallible element, despite its untrue and full often discreditable so-called representatives, is there not yet abundant cause for even an unbelieving world to pray that the Church of God be evermore preserved and blessed?

And for our own exceeding comfort, be it ours to remember that He who through all the ages, through every cloud and peril, has kept His Church, will likewise keep those committed to its care. It is "because the frailty of man without Him can not but fail" that He has thus provided this House of God on earth, wherein His children may be protected from all things hurtful, and led to all things profitable to salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

L. L. R.

WHY DO WE NOT RETAIN THE BAPTIZED?

DURING the three years ending in 1892 the number of infants baptized by our clergy was 147,287, all of whom, so far as they are living, are of the "years of discretion" entitling them to Confirmation within the past three years. To this number should be added the 37,707 adults baptized within the last three years, of whom it may be said probably all of them were confirmed immediately afterward. We have then a total of baptized souls amounting to 184,994, minus the number of those who have died and plus the number of persons baptized in foreign lands and the large number baptized by sectarian ministers and afterward affiliated with the Church, who might reasonably be expected to present themselves for Confirmation within the past three years. Indeed, the accessions from the sects must very much more than balance the number of infants baptized in the Church who have died before reaching years of discretion, since the average Confirmation class contains fully one-third of persons from outside the Church. Did those accessions, however, only balance the losses by death, and there were no other losses, the Confirmations would reach the number mentioned. In place of that we discover that the number confirmed within the past three years is 150,408. We have therefore unaccounted for, 34,586, with a certainty that the number is really greater than that by reason of the sectarian accessions, as stated. We can only infer, therefore, that out of all infants presented to our clergy for baptism something more than 23 per cent. are not presented for Confirmation. How are we to account for this serious deficiency?

It is to be accounted for in part by the lack of opportunity, Bishops being few and far between, distances great, and townships and hamlets isolated. But lack of opportunity cannot be pleaded by all; can, indeed, only be pleaded by a few. We fear that lack of inclination must be acknowledged as accounting for a vast number of the army of the "baptized but not confirmed." The greater loss is through the drift toward irreligion.

In our day and country the spirit of sectarianism so powerfully dominates the thoughts and actions of growing manhood, that the very atmosphere of the Church is thereby affected. The utterances of men who are avowedly ministers of the Gospel, and pastors of congregations, and who, perhaps, represent "Churches" vaster (on paper) than the "Protestant Episcopal Church," have weight, it cannot be denied, with the average Churchman, who, erroneously, of course, receives them as having been spoken with authority. Is it then surprising if boys and girls are influenced to treat with indifference and unconcern, to become careless of and even to reject, these ancient Catholic usages so dear and sacred to the true disciple of the Church, since our sectarian brethren not only reject and condemn these things themselves, but also scruple not to make light of them, to ridicule and even condemn them from their pulpits? Is it surprising that our boys and girls should be influenced, by their sectarian associates who in many places outnumber them so greatly, to regard Confirmation as optional and altogether unnecessary, perchance a superstition in which there cannot possibly be any virtue?

And so children of the Church are growing up unconfirmed because their sectarian school-fellows and play-ground associates do not believe in Confirmation. This we believe largely accounts for the condition as it is to-day.

We can, however, scarcely blame the children themselves for this lack of inclination, amounting sometimes to positive disinclination. Children are easily led and influenced. They do not reason deeply. To our mind the cause of the discrepancy is to be looked for in the failure of God-parents to shoulder their responsibilities. It is not for the boys and the girls on reaching "years of discretion" to present themselves for Confirmation: it is for their "sponsors in Baptism" to present them in discharge of their sponsorial duty.

Whenever a child is admitted into the congregation of Christ's flock according to the Church's formula, the officiating minister addresses its God-fathers and God-mothers in Prayer Book language thus:

"Ye must remember that it is your parts and duties to see that this infant be taught so soon as he shall be able to learn what a solemn vow, promise and profession, he hath here made by you. And that he may know these things the better, ye shall call upon him to hear sermons; and chiefly, ye shall provide that he may learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health; and that this child may be virtuously brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life. . . . Ye are to take care that this child be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him so soon

as he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and is sufficiently instructed in the other parts of the Church Catechism set forth for that purpose."

The Church places on God-parents the responsibility of bringing the baptized to Confirmation. The Church confidently expects the God-fathers and God-mothers of her children to provide the material for her Confirmation classes. God-fathers and God-mothers are, from the spiritual standpoint, just as much the parents of these, as are their natural parents. On their birth into the spiritual world the men and women so chosen are endowed with this spiritual parentage. This was once so literally interpreted in the Church that the God-father and God-mother of the same child might not marry each other, as being already in spiritual relationship. Despite even the counteracting influences of their God-children's own natural parents, it is the duty of God-parents to see that their spiritual sons and daughters are duly instructed in spiritual things, are brought up under the influence of the pulpit, reared in a Christian atmosphere, and, finally, are brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him, "so soon," etc. Their authority over and responsibility for their spiritual children are not abrogated until the latter reach their spiritual majority at Confirmation.

The *onus* rests not upon the children themselves; nor wholly upon their natural parents, but upon their God-fathers and God-mothers. The obligation binding them was solemnly undertaken in the sight of God, and they owe it to God as well as to their God-children to be conscientious in the discharge of the duty involved.

Let God-parents do their duty by their God-children, and statistics will reveal no such discrepancy as that which has called forth these remarks.

And that brings us to the question: What are the necessary qualifications of God-parents? Some think that if they have been baptized they are qualified. But in view of the fact that many baptized persons are living in schism, and are otherwise ungodly, one of the evidences of which is the very fact that they themselves are unconfirmed, should that be considered sufficient? We answer, No. Persons chosen for God-parents should have been not only baptized but confirmed, should be not only confirmed but communicants in good standing in the Church. And if parents love their little ones and really desire that they may be reared in a manner becoming to children of God, they will be satisfied only with God-parents who are known to them to be more even than communicants in good standing in the Church—men and women of genuine Christian character, sound faith, and consecrated Churchmanship. Very likely the Church cannot enforce so high a standard as a *sine qua non* to Baptism, nor ought Baptism to be refused because other God-parents are selected; but much can be accomplished by pastoral advice. Better no God-parents at all than God-parents whose personal example, as is too often the case, is unworthy of imitation. Better no God-parents at all, even, than sectarian God-parents, who would not influence children in a Churchly direction; better none at all than insincere Christians, unfaithful Churchmen, lifeless worshippers.

Give the spiritual parentage of the Church's children to conscientious, Godly Churchmen and Churchwomen, and their spiritual interests will be safeguarded, and there will be no uncertainty as to their future. The advent of the "years of discretion" will find them ready and willing candidates for the Pentecostal blessing of the laying-on-of-hands.

We lose too large a number after Confirmation, to be able to acquiesce in the loss of fully a quarter of the infants whom our own clergy baptize.

K.

WE have received a little pamphlet bearing the title, *Trinity Church Sunday School* of Hartford, Conn., in which we have become much interested. The first paragraph is as follows:

"The Sunday School does not take the place of the Church for the children of the parish, but exists to give them such definite religious instruction as the Church services do not impart. Sunday Schools in the past have not in general kept pace with the rising pedagogical standards of the secular schools. But it is the aim of those in charge of Trinity Church Sunday School to do as much as possible, within the limited time at their command, for the religious education of the child, his preparation for confirmation, and his general fitness as a member of the Church."

That shows how well the rector grasps the situation.

We like, too, what is said about classification of pupils:

"The interest of the pupils is claimed in three directions: first and foremost, to the regular weekly lessons, which they are expected to do systematically and carefully; second, to the missionary work

of the Church at large, both at home and abroad, information in regard to which, and opportunities to contribute to which, are regularly presented; and third, to occasional festivals and entertainments which not only emphasize the pleasureable side of the child's associations with the Church, but also contribute to the solidarity and enthusiasm of the School as a whole.

"It has been found that pupils of this, and probably of nearly every Sunday School may be divided into two groups: 1, Those who are desirous and capable of entering upon a definite course of religious training which leads to a diploma; and 2, Those who, often for one good cause or another, are unable to undertake such serious and uninterrupted study. There is room in Trinity Church Sunday School for both these groups of pupils, and both are heartily welcome to its membership. For the first group, the Graded Lesson Department is intended; for the second, the uniform Lesson Department. Each of these departments meets by itself, and each pursues its object by a method of its own."

But as one proceeds in reading this little pamphlet, the interest deepens. The "Teachers' meeting" attracts attention:

"The teachers' meeting is held every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M. in the parish room. It is conducted by the rector. To this meeting all the teachers are expected to come, and all other members of the parish are invited."

An admirable arrangement. In this way good teachers may be raised up in a congregation. Where all is so well done, one can scarcely say that any portion of the whole plan is better than another, and yet the paragraph on "Offerings" commends itself very strongly. We quote it all:

"OFFERINGS. The parish annually appropriates a sum of money wherewith the Sunday School may meet its current expenses, and thus relieves it from the necessity of self-support. The weekly offerings of the pupils are devoted during two months of the year (October and November) to the purchasing of some special equipment of permanent value (e.g., a piano, a stereopticon, library books, etc.). During the rest of the year the pupils are taught to give to outside objects, as follows:

"ADVENT. Missionary work in the diocese or domestic field, given through channel of Sunday School Auxiliary of the diocese of Connecticut.

"EPIPHANY. Endowment fund for establishment of a children's cot in the Hartford Hospital.

"LENT AND EASTER SEASONS. General missions, through the Sunday School Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. This is the great effort of the year.

"WHITSUNTY AND TRINITY (to close of School year). Specific missionary objects."

An admirable arrangement, also. The parish should always take care of the expenses of the Sunday School, so that the children can contribute their own offerings to missionary work. The entire scheme of this Sunday School is so commendable that we are glad to bring it before others as a model of arrangement. We notice, too, that the rector is the superintendent of the Sunday School, with his curate and one layman as assistants.

SOMETIME, SOME DAY.

Have you ever listened through the open window, on a fine summer's day in harvest time, to the music of the reaper cutting grain in the fields around, with the ring of the merry voices of those who are binding the sheaves, and perchance the splash of the river and the song of birds to accompany it? It is God's fair creation in one of its gladdest and most lovely aspects. It speaks of work and progress, and all so full of joy.

But you only hear it from afar—through the open window. You are not helping them; nay, you cannot even see them at work, for you are ill that day and must stay at home. Yet, have you no share in the work? Yes, indeed; for you pray God to bless and prosper the harvest, and it is reaped in joy though sown in tears, helped on by your prayers.

This is some picture of the life of the sick and desolate on dark days; all around seems bright and sunny; many are at work in the field of the world: it is the harvest of the Precious Blood they are gathering; they are singing God's praises; but you are not there. The window of your soul is open, and you know by faith what is going on; but you must stay at home and content yourself with prayer that others may work well, for you cannot work with them.

But wait awhile. The harvest-home comes some day; and will the Master who sowed it and values it, and for whom it is gathered—will He then forget the sufferers who could only pray and offer their pain that all might be well with the crops, but who *did* so pray and suffer, and whose one desire was that the grain might be got in good condition into the barn, and longed to work for the Master as well as they could? No; they will then be rewarded a hundredfold. —From *Bright Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate*.

WATCHFULNESS without prayer is presumption; prayer without watchfulness is mockery.—*Selected*.

THE WANDERER—III.

THERE be those scenes on earth which seem to be painted by the Great Artist as living parables of those other scenes which our tongues are powerless to express. They are not shown to the common gaze of mankind. They are very easily passed by. But they are there, if, forsooth, one cares to behold them.

And there be also those people who, living quietly, unobtrusively, make pessimism an impossible anachronism. Life must be worth living, when it can be lived as these live. Evil cannot have conquered upon earth, while these walk upon it.

For the seed of God's grace has sprung up and borne so much of loveliness, in so many men and women. There are such noble, such sweet and gentle natures, to be met with in God's world. But oftentimes you have to wander before you run across them. They do not buttonhole you at the station crying, "Here I am! I am lovely, I am noble, I am sweet!" No, if you would find God's noblest triumphs of creation, you must become the Wanderer, and seek them out.

The Wanderer wandered, and he found two. Oh yes, he has found many more than two; but it is of two that he is telling just now. And they were man and woman. And they had wandered and found each other. They were man and wife.

There had been a beautiful pearl deposited in their home-shell. It was a drop of life from that mysterious fountain that springs from the love of God; and it had crystallized and dropped to the earth just when and just where God willed that it should drop. And love had been mightily strengthened; for this was a drop of love, and from Love.

It was very fair—this pearl, that offered up its transparent loveliness and purity as its unconscious sacrifice to God. And the home-shell became as though it were but the setting for the beautiful pearl. And love transfigured the shell and the pearl. And men looked; and the sight was lovely to the eye. They knew then, something of what was that brightness that was white and glistering, and not golden, that shone on the mount of the Transfiguration.

And then one day the pearl passed out of the home-shell. An angel smiled as he caressed it in his hand. He laughed as he set it in the very center of a beautiful crown; and then he laid the crown aside to wait—to wait. And passing angels were cheered as they beheld its lustre. For direct from the throne of God there came beautiful rays of white light; and the pearl caught up the rays and became yet more beautiful, yet more transparent, yet more white.

Now those two who had found each other and who had cherished the pearl as their most lovely possession, had retained this when the angel took the pearl away—the love, which the pearl had brought from the fountain. For that had been their gift from the pearl, and the angel could not carry it away. So that the pearl had left something very lovely behind. And that love was able to reach from the shell, away up to the crown that was waiting, waiting; and from the crown it climbed up those glistering white rays until quickly it reached God, from whom the rays sprung. And so it knit closely together and to God those who knew of the pearl. A little pearl had led them.

And the man and the woman were wise; with a wisdom that somehow was born of love. They built a beautiful temple to God; and they consecrated it with love—love of God, and love of the pearl that He had given them.

It was not great; but it was very beautiful. And the stones seemed to burst forth into melodies of praise. And somehow, no one knew how, it was as though the pearl had come back to them. For love spoke from every stone, from every rafter, from every ray that passed through the windows. But most of all it spoke from two altars; from a little mound surmounted by a white cross just in the shadow of the temple, and from the true altar at which the priest offered the most holy sacrifice of love. And love filled the house.

Was not the pearl worth God's while? Did it not fulfil His purpose?

And in the crown it waits—it waits.

You do not feel in the spirit of prayer; you have no spiritual uplift; you are simply indifferent. Give that unhappy mood no heed. You know very well what you ought to do. You ought to present yourself before God; you ought to say your prayers. Do that, and the devout attitude, the bended knees, the folded hands, the quiet and the silence, the lips busied with holy words, will induce the consciousness of the divine presence, and help you to pray in spirit and in truth.—*George Hodges*.

THE VACANT SEE OF TRURO FILLED

The Very Rev. Chas. William Stubbs is Bishop-Designate.

PROGRESS IN THE ENDOWMENT OF
NEW BISHOPRICThe Living Church News Bureau
London, September 4, 1906

THE King has been graciously pleased to approve of the appointment [*sic*] of the Very Rev. Charles William Stubbs, Dean of Ely, to be Bishop of Truro, in succession to the Rt. Rev. John Gott, deceased." So runs the formal announcement in the *Times* newspaper in reference to the first nomination made by the Crown to a diocesan see since Sir Henry Campbell-Bannermann came into the Premiership. The recommendation of the Dean of Ely to the Truro Chapter for election to that see, although not likely to be considered satisfactory by Cornish Churchman—certainly not by the majority of the clergy—comes not altogether as a surprise. For it was almost a foregone conclusion that the present Prime Minister not being himself a Churchman, while so strong a partisan and conventional a politician, would be actuated in the matter mainly by political considerations: would recommend one for the vacant see who was at once of his own political color and more or less in sympathy with his legislative programme; and his choice of a nominee being thus presumably limited in range to the "Radical clergy," it would naturally fall to clearly the most marked out man for elevation to the episcopal bench—the Dean of Ely. Dr. Stubbs is an able and cultured man, and well known to the public as quite a prolific writer on social and labor problems; but there is nothing in his past career as a parish priest or Cathedral dignitary to show, so far as I can see, that he has any special fitness for the apostolical office of a Bishop, or capacity for administration and leadership in so difficult a diocese as that of Truro. In his individual position as a Churchman he is certainly not a Catholic; perhaps he might not be incorrectly labeled as a Moderate with Latitudinarian tendencies. He is described in the *Daily News* as both politically and theologically a disciple of Maurice and Kingsley; but how can that be? Those two eminent clergymen were, we know, strong upholders of the retention of the Athanasian Creed as it stands in the Prayer Book, while the Dean of Ely was one of those who signed the Deans' Memorial to the Primate for the silencing of the Creed. On the education question, although he is not entirely satisfied with the Birrell Bill as it stands, he seems not to be averse to its proposal of Undenominationalism.

The *Times*, commenting on this episcopal nomination, says: "The appointment of the Dean of Ely to the Bishopric of Truro is of special interest as the first of its kind since the present Government came into office. The ideas of the Prime Minister on this matter are supposed to be somewhat as follows: He will endeavor to secure men who will impart to the episcopate a certain tinge of Liberalism; if they are known to have definitely served Liberal interests so much the better, but the supply of such men is limited. He presumably takes the line that, while Mr. Balfour's many appointments to Bishoprics included both moderate Evangelicals and non-party men, yet since 1868 or thereabouts vacancies have been generally filled by men of the ecclesiastical type which was favored alike by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. The present Prime Minister, therefore, it is believed, desires to try the effect on 'ecclesiastical discipline' of Bishops who will express more Liberal views in the House of Lords and in the councils of the Church, and will at the same time do more to keep their clergy in a state of obedience to the Act of Uniformity than the present Bishops (including some of Mr. Balfour's more 'moderate' appointments) have succeeded in doing. He realizes that the process of restoring discipline in this way will be necessarily a slow one, but thinks that it should be tried, and that the present Government has a chance of trying it for some time. In the case of Truro the Gladstone-Salisbury tradition has hitherto been unbroken, and it may be admitted that a change would not be unfair."

I have no idea how official is this outline of the Prime Minister's policy; but it sounds so thoroughly characteristic of the *Times* that perhaps one will not go far astray in attributing its *fores et origo* to Printing House Square. The *Times* is laboring under an extraordinary delusion if it thinks that the Dean of Ely, in the event of his being made Bishop of Truro, would likely drag his clergy into submission to Privy Council law or the Lambeth opinions. Dr. Stubbs, I venture to think, is a Gallio about matters of ceremonial and Catholic practice.

The Bishop-designate of Truro was born in Liverpool in 1845, and graduated from Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he had obtained an exhibition, in 1868, being placed among the junior optimes in the Mathematical Tripos. He also won the Le Bas University prize with an essay on "The Origin and Growth of Sentiments of International Morality." He was ordained priest in 1869. During his parochial career he was successively assistant curate of St. Mary's, Sheffield, vicar of Granborough, Berkshire, vicar of Stokenham with Chivelstone and Sherford, Devon, and rector of Wavertree, Liverpool. In 1894 he was appointed Dean of Ely, on the recommendation of the then Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone. He has been Select Preacher at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and also preached at Harvard University. In 1883 he acted as Commissioner of Education in England to the Government of Siam. Among his many books, mostly contributions to Christian socialistic literature, are *Christ and Democracy*, *The Land and Labourers*, *Christ and Economics*, *A Creed for Christian Socialists*, *Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement*, and *Memorials of and a Guide to Ely Cathedral*.

The sum required for the endowment of the proposed Essex Bishopric, namely, £30,000, has now been raised, the whole fund being subscribed within so short a period of time as ten months. A further sum of £18,000 is still required to be raised to provide official residences for the Bishops of the re-constituted diocese of St. Albans and the proposed diocese of Essex. All this is in connection with the large and immensely important scheme for the subdivision of the dioceses of Norwich, Ely, and St. Albans, and the formation therefrom of two new East Anglian sees—for Suffolk and Essex. (Strictly speaking, Essex is not part of East Anglia, for at the English Conquest it was taken possession of, not by Angles, but by Saxons—the East Saxons—as the name of the county indicates, and was within the diocese of London.) The so-called East Anglian sees, when the proposed arrangement is carried out, will stand somewhat thus: (1) Norwich to consist of Norfolk only; (2) Suffolk, of the county of Suffolk; (3) Essex, of Essex; (4) Ely, of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire; and (5) St. Albans, of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. The foundation of the see of Suffolk will be in the way of a restoration under the ecclesiastical organization given to the Church of the English by the great Archbishop Theodore (date of accession to the Canterbury Primary, 668) the South folk of East Anglia had a Bishop of their own, whose see was established at Elmham. In the tenth century, when the North folk of East Anglia ceased to have a bishopric of their own at Dunwich, Elmham became the only East Anglian see. Then in the reign of William I., when, under the decree of a council held at London, rural Bishops' sees were removed from villages to cities, the see of Elmham was transferred first to Thetford, and then to Norwich.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is still in Italy, requests the *Times* newspaper to intimate that there will be, in November, a session of the Convocation of Canterbury. Notice of the date of the meeting, probably either Tuesday, November 13th, or the following Tuesday, will be circulated soon as possible. Presumably the object of this special meeting of Canterbury Convocation is to consider the report of the Royal Commission.

J. G. HALL.

THE REVELATION OF LIFE.

WE ARE FORBIDDEN, not merely to attempt to get for ourselves by illegitimate means what belongs to our neighbor, but even to desire that it should be ours rather than his. The statesman must not wish that the glory of his successful rival were his own; nor we who are poor, that the mansions, and parks and libraries of the wealthy, were ours. The disappointed lover must not look upon the wife he hoped to win but has lost, and regret that she is not his; nor the servant secretly covet the happier fortune of his master, or the larger income of a man who is in higher place than himself.

It may be said that this is a hard saying, and that it is one of the impossible precepts of which there are so many in the Old Testament and the New. But what is the moral idea on which it rests? It is only another form of the great Commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If we can obey that law, we can obey this. If I love the rich man as I love myself, I shall have no desire to live in his house instead of him, and to drive his carriages, and to enjoy his income. If a statesman loves his rival as well as he loves himself, he will not envy his rival's triumph, and desire his rival's honor; the only motive which will induce him to strive for power will be the conviction that he is better able to serve the state.—*R. W. Dale.*

THE MISSION TO WALL STREET CLOSED

Closing Service in Trinity Church

NEW YORK DIOCESAN CONVENTION TO BE HELD
NOVEMBER 14-15

The Living Church News Bureau
New York, September 17, 1906

THE closing of the mission to Wall Street, which has been conducted during a large part of the summer by the Rev. William Wilkinson, City Missionary of Minneapolis, was marked on Friday by a service in Trinity Church, which was attended by what was alleged to be the largest congregation which that historic edifice has held in years. Certainly it has never held a stranger congregation, for there were the young men and young women, clerks and stenographers in bankers' and brokers' offices, laborers who work on near-by buildings in course of construction, and many men, old and young, who hold positions of importance in the financial world of the city and the country. Trinity Church seats upward of one thousand people, but so large was the congregation Friday noon that many occupied chairs in the aisles and many others stood throughout the hour's service. The Rev. Dr. J. N. Steele, vicar of Trinity, read the prayers, and the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson preached. The sermon was an appeal to all to apply Christian principles and precepts to daily lives. Only acceptance of Christianity and the Church by the people can make politics and commerce pure.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson has been conducting his Wall Street mission practically unaided, except by the support given by the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington of Grace Church and others interested in the work. He has relied only upon his own voice to attract the people to his noon-day meetings in front of the Custom House, but the people have come, in increasing numbers day after day, and prominent Wall Street men assert that these daily services have made an impression in the financial district that cannot be gainsaid. The people of that neighborhood, it should be said, come from so widely separated homes that it will never be possible to estimate with accuracy the numbers who have been led into the Church by the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson's ministrations.

The General Seminary re-opens this week, the examinations taking place on Wednesday, and regular work beginning Thursday. The outlook for a large entering class is reported to be good, the probability being that last year's number of entering students will be exceeded. The only changes of note in the Seminary faculty are the beginning of the work of the Rev. Professor C. C. Edmunds, who takes the chair of Literature and Interpretation of the New Testament, succeeding Professor Beckwith, retired, and the entering upon the full professorship of Hebrew and Cognate Languages by the Rev. C. N. Shepard, who has been adjunct professor.

The diocesan convention has customarily been held in September, but this year it is not to be convened until November 14th and 15th. The change of date was voted by the convention last year as an experiment, which, if it prove successful, may be continued year after year. The resumption of Church activity, especially in New York City, after the quiet of the summer, comes at a later date than it used to years ago, when the old convention appointment was arranged, and the change to be tried this year will enable activities to be resumed, and will find rectors and parishioners returned from vacations, before the convention date arrives. As the coming convention may be the last to be held here, before the General Convention, deputies are to be elected, and any other matters which have to be decided before the gathering of the national body will be acted upon. Few matters of local importance are thus far talked of in connection with the diocesan convention. The matter of a division of the diocese, which has been discussed for several years by the clergy is not likely, it is said, to come before this year's convention. It is explained by a rector in one of the up-river towns, however, that this does not mean that the matter is dead, nor that the rural clergy are satisfied with present conditions. He says:

"I know of no way in which the question of division can be brought before the coming convention. I wish I did. While the Coadjutor as well as the Bishop are opposed to it, there seems no chance of bringing it about with proper financial provision, even if the convention should vote to effect division.

"There has been no improvement in episcopal oversight in

this section, which was reserved by the Bishop for his own special care. The Coadjutor does give us some of his time, but he has no right of initiative outside New York City. I doubt if the sentiment for division has grown much in the year, but those interested with whom I have been in touch are as firm as ever in their convictions, and waiting for an opening."

One of the up-river parishes, that of Trinity, Fishkill, has been last week celebrating its 150th anniversary. The celebration service was held on Friday morning, and it brought together a large number of the members and friends of the church, as well as many of the near-by clergy. The parish is but a small one and it dates from 1756. The rector since 1897 has been the Rev. J. H. Ivie.

Delano Chipman Calvin, who has been for years connected with the parish of Zion and St. Timothy in this city, a member of the Church Club, and prominent in Church circles here, died last week at Easthampton, Long Island, and the funeral was held from the Church of Zion and St. Timothy. Mr. Calvin was a leading lawyer of New York, to which city he came from Jefferson County, N. Y., in 1866. Ten years later he was made Surrogate of New York County and before him came many important will cases, including those of Stewart and Vanderbilt. Mr. Calvin was eighty-two years of age and had been twice married. He had no children. He was on the Executive Committee of the Church Temperance Society, and was a member of the American and State Bar Associations. He held the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Hobart College.

LIFE IN OUR VALLEY.*

BEFORE we can see across it in the misty morning our valley is alive. Often we are lulled asleep by the drubbing of the tom-tom beaten at some hillside Igorot *fiesta*. And for all the rest of the waking hours we ourselves are awake, so that life in our valley is a continuous performance. It is activity, without the well-known "bustle and confusion"; it is accomplishment, without any kicking up of dust; and though it is just a tiny dent in the monstrous ridges of the Luzon hills, we sometimes catch ourselves thinking that our valley is not only the centre of Luzon, but the centre of the great round world. Of course we're wrong; but people who live in valleys are always thus parochial and sublime. We are, as the phrase goes, creatures of our environment, and our environment tells us that there is more in this valley than is dreamed of in your localities! But one must not brag overmuch, else all the world will flock to our valley and spoil it. Not that *you*, gentle reader, would spoil it—you would be just the appreciative improving addition, but it is the other people who would kill out the life here. One had better say, therefore, that our valley is precisely eleven thousand miles by sea, one hundred miles by rail, and fifty miles by stage, away from America; that it is not a convenient suburb, but a veritable fastness; that there is nothing extraordinary here save the southern cross, hung kite-wise in the starry heavens—in short that is a valley to be avoided.

This seems treachery indeed. But one sometimes has to deery one's possessions in order to keep them. We have already seen the encroachments of the world (with its two inseparable cronies—the flesh and the devil) just over the ridge not a mile away. For there among the pines you can discern sundry square white boards, and on them, if you examine, you will read: "Res. Sec. IV., Lot 19," "Res. Sec. VI., Lot 22b"—all which means that the world has taken stage to our region and has been buying up the everlasting hills. And the world is mightily pleased with its bargains, each purchaser averring that he or she has secured by great good luck the "prettiest little knoll" in the whole outfit. This process of adding land to land will soon develop into adding house to house; and if, a twelve-month from now, we leave our valley and visit the "Res. Sec." (which can mean nothing, we suppose, but residence section), we shall find every pretty knoll topped by a pretty cottage; and every pathway, where now the bent, burden-bearing Igorot trudges, ornamented with lowland society come north for its holiday. But we of this remoter valley will let the little knolls yonder skip like rams without interruption, for all geographers will tell you that valley-dwellers are, like their streams, not prone to climb. What though, after an hour's walk from the hill to the west we can view the China Sea; what though another walk southward shows us the precipitous zigzag that leads down to the world—we stay in our valley. Not that it is sequestered,

* Reprinted from the *Outlook*, a monthly paper published in Manila, and edited by Bishop Brent and others.

but that it is lively, is our reason—and it is the life in our valley that you must now hear about. Of course if a scientist can write two big volumes on the daily life of an ant hill, a missionary could run to half the length in describing the daily life of a man's valley, specially as it is a heathen valley. But our account will resemble our valley in modesty and smallness, headed under three large words: Agriculture, Ethnology, and Education; or, in three other words: Rice, Igorots, and School. They are all at hand. The valley is bounded on the north by a flank of rice paddies, on the east by an Igorot barrio, on the south by a boarding school, and on the west by another native village. You would enjoy the process of the day; the brilliant, melodious morning, the sousing shower every afternoon, the pensive evening when the hut-scattered hillsides turn purple with the smoke of cooking food. You might fairly call it picturesque—but then you must remember that you are distant twelve thousand miles, two days and ten hours from here, and—no, it would not be worth your while!

First then, a bit about the rice paddies. This year we have seen them stand out in their emerald terraced squares against the brown, dry hills and now in the time of harvest the rice has turned from living green to reddish, and the rains have given its color to the hills. It is a busy, exciting time while the green tassels fill and bend. For with the ripened rice comes the rice bird, and with the rice bird comes the crude machinery to drive him off. Here and there in the paddies the village people erect straw shelters on stilts, giving their occupants a point of vantage over the terraces. From these lookouts, long strands of bamboo tape are run to the farthest corners of the section, and these tapes are strung over supple poles that respond to the slightest twitch of the connecting strand. On the end pole of each line is a shining tin can, deftly suspended so as to respond loudly to jolting. The village, not being annoyed by laws about school attendance, sends the children to people the various lookouts and to scare the birds away. To see a score of the broad strands leading up to the houses on stilts reminds one of a central telephone system. The fat, brown, little Igorots sprawl in their shelter, clinging to their reins of government, and if haply they hear the faint, nervous whistle of a rice bird, or see him lirting over the paddy, there is a yanking of strings that causes a clattering, swaying commotion over several acres of grain. Besides this, the children blow strange whistles and call frantically, even jeeringly, and their little friends in guard of other paddies take up the cry, so that the whole valley laughs and sings not only with the ripening grain but with the children's voices. It is a jocund way of thwarting such a jaunty thief as the rice bird. This begins while the paddies are still mist-shrouded, and lasts till dusk.

As to the people, the ethnological phenomena at either end of our valley, they are now so busy with the rice harvest that one cannot separate the producer from the product. Our Igorots are not the stalwart savages that one sees in the north, not the lithe and quick-eyed striplings that one fancies such people to be. One must confess it, even though it reflects on the valley, the natives are what you would call "disappointing." And there is every known reason that they should be. If you had always lived in a dark, smoky hut, and if your bodily economy had always been one blanket and boiled rice, and if besides seeing nothing but this type of life you had the force of it for generations back running sluggishly in your veins, why, *you* probably would not be a prize-winner yourself! The Igorot picturesqueness is painful and depressing, because it is the picture of a lower order only half successfully becoming man, not that of men stooping to the freedom of a lower order. Compare the peasantry of this place with the peasants of the Italian vineyards or of the Swiss valleys or of the French fields; there you have people who are primitive, here you have ("I speak as a fool") animals who are advanced. "The soul doubtless is immortal—where a soul can be discerned," and since we are not given the spiritual eyesight to discern, it is evident we are in no position to call our neighbors names, or to say they haven't got souls. But if you take the faces of the French peasants, such as you see in Jules Breton's pictures for example, and compare them with a row of our Igorots, in the one case you see souls looking out at you, in the other case you have the face unconscious of a soul. For the thing that puts soul into a face is the force that awakens the knowledge of a soul—some form of pure religion. Just as Catherine of Siena must have had a finer countenance than Zenobia, or as Esther was fairer than all the women of Shushan, so the faces in our valley will remain undisciplined and coarse as long as the people don't insist on the infinite value of themselves. And the last step of

the evolutionary process is begun, and the body is crowned, when a missionary can say (and be believed): "You are more than you think. There is a Father you don't know about. Rise up and claim the prize of an immortal soul."

What look like small, animated haystacks move by our house, haystacks on legs, toiling along the winding paths. It is the fresh rice just cut from the paddies and tied in golden *manojos* of twenty-pound weight each. Beneath a load of perhaps eighty pounds you find a bent, gnarled woman. In vain do you look for a gleam of—well, of any of the salient human emotions, humor or pathos or anger or laughter, which are not there. In the children it is different. They too toil under disproportionately heavy burdens, but they can smile, a sunny ripple of a smile, hinting of that trailing cloud of glory, with which all of us begin life, and which has not yet quite gone. To-night a strange group stopped here, arriving from way over the hills—a man (his *chagi* piled high with rice to sell), his wife, who bargained shrewdly in the dark, a little boy whimpering on his mother's back and a snarling cur leashed to a stick. They must sell the rice, could carry it no further, would part with it for nine *salapi*. Impossible, was the answer; nine *salapi* was out of the question. We did not want the rice, but they could leave it for six. Yes, they would take six. And when some sweet chocolate was produced for the little boy, the others murmured that a tin of "sardinas" would not be unacceptable, or some "sallmone." No, was the answer, "no got sallmone" (as though in the store room there were not whole battalions of that tiresome fish drawn up on the shelves!). And so the group melted away in the dark with the six silver *salapi*. Had salmon been produced, they would have called loudly in our praise, for "sallmone" is the magic word that opens every Igorot heart.

As to the school, which on the north side bounds our valley, one need say but little of that, as it is still not much "to speak of." You hear such silly, non-essential questions about men and things—of a man it is the size of his bank account; of a thing (a school for example), it is the number of towels allowed or the method of teaching fractions. Important as towels and fractions are, they are not, we fancy, basic, nor does any boarding school, whether for Igorots or Americans, pivot upon them. The one necessary question to have answered about a school is, of course, whether its heart is in the right place, and when you learn that the name of the school is Easter School, that question will be answered. Easter connotes vigor and hope and "gates of everlasting life." The fourth boundary of our valley is Christian.

At the school live boys from Bontoc, lively and docile young converts of a wise pastor. They have been originally taken, some of them from families not much more advanced than those described in this neighborhood, and yet in them the Christian training has exercised an all-the-way-through alchemy. The pedagogical weakness is to brag about the smartness or the quaintness of pupils, but if you were to happen in here some day you would be as much charmed as the pedagogue. "What," one asked, "is the principal product of Pennsylvania?" "Iron," was the answer. "And what is iron used for?" Back came the answer—"To make *bolos*." (A *bolo* is the long knife which no man in the north thinks it discreet to be without.) There is a similar naivete running through all our life, caused by the excursions of bright primitive minds into the life of the marvellous modern world. When the world is thus a huge bundle of surprises, how can the surprised one be either bored or boring? The American boy of twelve years has squeezed the world pretty nearly dry; to him nearly everything is commonplace, and nothing short of a miracle gets his notice; but here, accounts of electricity seem far away fables, and the description of an automobile so improbable that one's veracity is doubted!

Though the religious side of the school life in our strange valley is never overdone, it is attended to, and of course it is forever the important side. To the boys, untainted by knowledge of forty jarring sects, religion appears, and is, the great controlling issue in daily life. You would delight to hear our morning hymn or our evening litany, sung just before the boys curl up in their blankets. You would be amused to hear us hobble through the Psalter, and breathlessly pronounce our way through "cat-er-pil-lers in-nu-mer-a-ble!" And best of all, you would like to draw up with us before our blazing fire when we recite the Catechism. Maybe there is a typhoon whirling down the valley, or maybe a thunderstorm is scribbling its fiery hieroglyphics across the sky, but within we circle snugly about the stove, repeating the splendid answers. The Catechism is the most luminous and sane of Church documents; there is also a "holy rumble" about its wording that befits the depths it

reaches. To see a little, brown-bodied Igorot stand up in the firelight and to hear him recite the articles of his belief, or renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, is an experience which burnishes the tarnished faith of his elders. The whole-hearted belief of children will forever baffle the scoffers, strengthen such as do stand, and raise up those who fall.

And these are some of the reasons why we persist in the great mistake of thinking that our valley is the centre of the world. You must pardon it, for it is the mistake that, fortunately for all, all of us can make!"

RESIGNATION OF THE ARMENIAN ARCHBISHOP.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE Most Rev. Hovsep (Joseph) Sarajian, Armenian Archbishop in the United States, tendered his resignation early in this present month, and it has been accepted.

Bishop Sarajian has been engaged in pastoral work in America since 1888, first as a priest, and afterwards as a Bishop. He organized the Church of the Holy Saviour in Worcester, Mass., upon his arrival in this country. He resigned that parish in 1892 and resumed pastoral work in the old country.

He was consecrated Bishop for America in 1898, in the ancient Cathedral of Etchmiadzin, at the foot of Mount Ararat, by His Holiness Murgurditch I., the present Catholicos of all Armenians, and shortly afterwards assumed oversight of the Armenians of America. In 1903 he was made a titular Archbishop by the Catholicos.



ARCHBISHOP SARAJIAN.

The Bishop has had many discouragements to contend with in this country, *i.e.*, being terribly handicapped for want of funds to carry on any aggressive work in the many cities and towns where multitudes of Armenians are living without the ministrations of their Church; his inability to secure priests to take up pastoral work among them, and the indifference towards religion into which many of them have fallen. (The great majority of Armenians in America are unmarried men who con-

tribute very liberally towards the suffering people in the old country, but consider themselves unable to do anything for Church work in America.) Added to these considerations has been the increasing infirmities of old age, and consequent resignation.

In his attitude towards the American Church, Bishop Sarajian was always most cordial, and though never seeking official recognition from that Church, was ever pleased to note the growing friendly relations between the two Churches. He once said to the writer: "The Episcopal Church is recognized by our highest authorities as a sister Church"; and that he meant what he said is evident from the fact that on the occasion of an important Church function in Worcester, he assigned the writer to a place within the choir rails and administered the Blessed Sacrament to him. The good Bishop often advised his people to send their children to our Sunday Schools and encouraged them (when deprived of their own Church services) to receive the Sacraments at the hands of our clergy, though only a few have done so.

Probably the writer knows Bishop Sarajian better than any other member of the Anglican communion, having enjoyed his personal friendship for several years. The writer knows him to be a man of deep piety and humility, of a lovable disposition, ever optimistic even where all seemed hopelessly dark. It will always be a joy for the writer to call to remembrance the benediction he received from this saintly Bishop when last they met, at a time when the former was in personal distress.

It will not be known for some time who his successor will be. The latter will doubtless be sent from the old country, as there is no priest in America capable of filling the position save the Rev. Theodore Isaac, who is a married man, and in the Armenian Church the Bishops are always chosen from the *vartabeds* (monastic priests).

It is expected that Bishop Sarajian will return to his home in Persian-Armenia in the near future.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP OF MILWAUKEE

Made to the Sixtieth Annual Council

MY DEAR BRETHREN:—

THE atmosphere of a sick room, with its sixteen months' continuous confinement, is not the most inspiring place from which to dictate these lines to you, in my address to your sixtieth annual diocesan council. I have been enabled to do but little work during this long period of confinement. On the whole some physical betterment has set in, but many relapses come, and I am frequently discouraged. The administrative work of the diocese has gone steadily on without much of serious detriment. But, until the consecration of Dr. Webb as our Coadjutor, all physical labor, except on one or two occasions when I was kindly assisted by neighboring Bishops, had to be abandoned. Our record of physical work, therefore, for the year is somewhat limited—the confirmations covering a period of only about six months. Dr. Webb was happily consecrated to his high office, as you all will so pleasantly recall, on the Feast of St. Matthias, Saturday, February 24th, 1906. I was enabled to act as Consecrator in this important ceremony, and it yet stands out as one of the largest privileges and pleasures of my ecclesiastical life. When he came out with me from Philadelphia as a young priest, thirteen years ago, to assist in teaching work at Nashotah House, we then but little thought that I was bringing out my ecclesiastical successor. But God knew, and He was pleased slowly to work His way along, until His loving Providence brought us to this happy consummation which now we see.

For I do not think that a happier result could have come about. The Bishop Coadjutor, while hardly yet "warm in his seat," is winning widespread praise over the whole diocese. He is popular, he is generous, he is thoroughly self-sacrificing, he is most patient, he is deeply sympathetic,—indeed, he has every quality which makes him a strong man amongst men, and each month increasingly so. His resignation of Nashotah was a thing to be deplored, for he had made an unqualified success of that noted educational institution, and his name, as a skilled trainer of men for the ministry, had well gone out throughout the whole Church. We do not intend to lose him entirely in that special capacity, although now elevated to the episcopate. We give him necessarily two residences, town and country, and from the start. My own physical weakness more severe than I supposed, did not enable me to carry out the original idea of a residence for the Coadjutor at Madison. We were compelled to have him here—and hence the double residence in Milwaukee and Nashotah. These town and country houses of the new Bishop need not terrify or trouble you. The old "Turkey Roost" at Nashotah is pretty much what its name implies and is not like a "Bishopthorpe" in England, or Auckland Castle in Durham. Nor would the plain room which Bishop Webb occupies in the rear of the Episcopal Residence in Milwaukee—which will be his town residence for about half his while—cause jealousy on the part of the Lord Bishop of London, in London House, St. James' Square. We are, therefore, quite safe. The whole arrangement of the Coadjutor Bishop has worked out admirably and without friction of any kind. Dr. Webb seems happy in his work and we are most happy in our work with him. Our close and almost daily contact only keeps on cementing what has always been a most congenial personal friendship; and the results upon the work throughout the diocese are daily seen in the smooth and admirable way in which it works on and out.

CANDIDATES FOR PRIESTHOOD.

Seek out, my brethren, in your parishes and congregations, candidates for the priesthood. This should be one most important part of your bounden duty and service, wherever you have the cure of souls. So many of our parochial clergy are thoroughly indifferent to this. They never preach about it, never make it a theme in confirmation instructions, never seem anxious to search out young men of honest report, who shall all their lives long be about their Master's great business. During this year of my sickness, I have been making a special study of some parochial records in this special line of work, to see how many parishes have really been feeders of the ministry here within our jurisdiction. In some regards the record shames us—of large and rich and old parishes, but with never a man sent from them to become a priest, never a woman to enter a sisterhood. And yet, some other congregations, even in desolate

[Continued on Page 901.]

ALEXANDER CHINNERY-HALDANE

Late Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.

WITH THE STORY OF AN ECCLESIASTICAL MYSTERY.

By A. GOODRICH-FREER (MRS. H. H. SPOER),

Author of "Outer Isles," "Inner Jerusalem," etc.

THE Episcopal Church in Scotland has lost, if not its brightest ornament, at least perhaps its strongest pillar, and, as in many ways the Episcopal Church in Scotland is more closely related to that of America, than England, there must be many who feel that there is something personal to us here, in the passing away on February 23d of Alexander Chinnery-Haldane, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.

Staunch High Churchman as he was, the Bishop was the son of the rigidly Evangelical editor of a religious newspaper, in days when Evangelicalism was warring a fierce crusade against all that represented the "Oxford School"; so that from his earliest years he had the opportunity of studying, among their most worthy and educated representatives, the views from which he soon dissociated himself, for his father was a barrister, a man of great worth and accomplishments, a magistrate for the county of Essex, and cousin of the noble house of Camperdown. Perhaps the extreme tolerance and gentleness which he showed towards those who differed from him, may have been, in some degree, acquired in the school of personal suffering, for it could not have been without deep pain to so simple and affectionate a nature that, with no home sympathy but that of one sister, he deliberately followed the dictates of his conscience, and differentiated himself from those he loved best, though in filial and brotherly duty he never for one moment failed.

One who knew the Bishop well has, in a memorial sermon, summed up his chief characteristics as "simplicity, humility, and faith." None of these can, I think, be taken separately, and it was out of these, rather than as a quality apart, that there grew that extraordinary tact which secured to him the friendship and confidence of those, even by circumstances his opponents. When called upon to arbitrate between the opposing parties of the Christian Unity Commission, he astonished and reconciled the Presbyterian members by his knowledge of the Shorter Catechism, and I still remember how, when he casually named a member of his flock, who had joined the Church of Rome—a matter which, I knew, had been a shock the more painful that it was unexpected—it was with a gentle tenderness I had not heard when speaking of this household before. I remember, too, how in a distant island, where the little Episcopal Church made a sorry show as to congregation even on a Sunday, when the Bishop was announced to preach one week-day evening, it was filled to overflowing with Presbyterians of every variety.

In spite of intense personal humility, Bishop Chinnery-Haldane was every inch a Bishop. His vestments and ritual were all of the most careful, his teaching of advanced Catholic type, but his self-forgetfulness was so evident, his personality so lost in his Master's service that even Presbyterians and other Evangelical hearers would find in his sermons something of the preacher's ancestry, something of the old Haldane traditions. His definitely Anglican, as opposed to Roman, Catholicism, was obvious even in his choice of external ornaments, his Sarum colors and uses, even the very shape of his vestments, all contrasted with the theological colorlessness, the nebulousity of many others, and I remember when once discussing with Archbishop Macdonald, Roman Primate of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, the large number of conversions in Scotland in a certain year, which he assured me were almost wholly among the old-fashioned Evangelicals, he added: "It is men like Haldane who keeps Episcopalians in their own Church. The reverence and fervor and beauty of holiness they feel to lack—he, too, is able to give them." They had worked side by side in the Isles for many years, and were alike men of simplicity, gentleness, and high breeding.

An eventless, simple life, it may be said, to be remembered mainly for its beauty in all the fruits of the Spirit and its noble employment of private wealth. Yet even so, it was not without its romantic incident, one of those circumstances which may pass into one of the myths of history, and which, if only as an historical curiosity, deserves to be put on record.

I have in my possession careful copies of various documents relating to the circumstances which are briefly these. For convenience of narration I tell the story as it came to my personal knowledge.

It is well known that the Mecca, if one may so speak, alike

of the Eastern and Western Churches is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, more correctly called the Church of the Resurrection. To those unacquainted with the intensity of the rivalry and jealousy of the two, both of whom have their own chapels and altars under its roof, it would be difficult to convey the mutual watchfulness and espionage of Greeks and Latins, literally by day and by night. The number of Masses is counted, and to alter their rotation and conditions would require a permit from Constantinople. There is but one door of exit, the key is the hereditary property of Moslem custodians, and is in use only at stated hours. The question who should repair the roof caused the Crimean War, the assertion of the right of washing some stone steps in the court caused, in 1901, an attack by the Greeks in which fifteen Franciscans were desperately wounded. A certain chair on the borderland between two chapels has a mark down the middle to show which half may be dusted by those who accept, and which by those who reject the *Filioque* clause in the Nicene Creed. With infinite difficulty and only after very lengthy negotiations, permission was given in 1885 that Anglican clergy should celebrate at the altar of the chapel of the Greek monastery of Abraham, within the precincts but not within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

When, therefore, I was told, in 1902, that an Anglican priest had celebrated upon a Latin altar in the chapel of Mount Calvary, I treated it as one soon learns to treat most stories in Jerusalem, especially those of the English-speaking population—with entire contempt; but when my informant appealed to the evidence of another nationality, I thought it at least worth while to enquire, with apologies, of the Franciscans themselves.

The story was not denied. No one knew enough to be willing to repeat it, it was gossip—a *malentendu*—not worth enquiring about. Finally I was referred to an exalted ecclesiastic, who calmly acknowledged that the report was "unfortunately" true—but that those in authority at the period—he himself even, had been deceived by the misrepresentations of the gentleman in question, my compatriot, he had forgotten his barbarous Scottish name. I should undoubtedly find it there, on the back of that picture, the gift of *questi Signori*. The picture was a magnificent Arundel, and on the back I found the names of "Alexander Chinnery-Haldane," and "Thomas Dick Lauder," with the date of 1875, when both had been, as is very usual, guests at the Franciscan Hospice.

To suspect either of "misrepresentation" was impossible, but what could be so impossible as the celebration, by an Anglican at the altar which, to the Latin Church is, perhaps, the most sacred in the world?

Some letters were ultimately put into my hands, from which I make the following extracts:

From Sir Thomas Dick Lauder to the Bishop, December 31, 1883:

"There cannot be a shadow of a doubt that Father Guido—as you say—that you were an Anglican; but to confirm your opinion, I will answer the questions you put to me. My impression is that you did show Fr. Guido your letters of orders. . . . You attended service at the Anglican Church. I remember Fr. Guido's pointing out to you its position from the roof of the Convent. When you celebrated on Calvary, you used the Scottish Office in the English language, distinctly and audibly as you always do. I served you, and received Holy Communion in both kinds. The mere vestments would not show anything—but no well-instructed person could fail to see the difference between the Latin Mass and the rite you used. Fr. Guido knew you were married, and I distinctly remember your showing him Mrs. C's photograph. . . . You will remember that when, with Fr. Guido, we made that happy visit to Gethsemane at night, Fr. G. asked you to read aloud the account of the Agony in the garden from the English Prayer Book, which you did.

"Before we left Jerusalem, Father G. came to us and said he was charged to tell us how the monks had been struck by our devotion at the Holy Places, as they were accustomed to see Anglican visitors treat them as any public show. . . . When we went away we received a printed certificate that we had visited the Holy Places, but no mention was made of our having confessed and received, as is done to Roman Catholic pilgrims. . . . Fr. Guido had lived in England, and spoke English perfectly—an important fact. . . ."

In the year 1884 an English Roman Catholic newspaper made an attack upon the Bishop, alleging that he had obtained the privilege by falsely representing himself as a Roman Catholic priest. He consulted his friend and neighbor, Archbishop Macdonald, then Bishop (R. C.) of Olean, whose reply is a rare example of brotherly love, worthy of the writer. It enclosed a letter such as he thought the Bishop might suitably publish—"an attempt to show how I think the calumny might be repelled without either appearing to make too much of an un-

worthy opponent, or saying anything calculated to compromise others."

This letter, I believe, the Bishop in fact used. It entered into no detail. Its vital paragraph is as follows:

"... I would scorn to stoop to such a dishonorable act as is imputed, and I never availed myself of any privilege which I did not honestly, and as I thought on sufficient grounds believe to be accorded to me as being alone what I professed to be, *viz.*, an Anglican clergyman."

Father Guido's share in the matter seems, so far as we know, never to have been called to account. When he parted from his guests he gave his likeness to the Bishop, then, be it remarked, merely late curate of All Saints', Edinbro'—he did not become Dean of Argyll till 1881, having meanwhile served as rector of St. Mary's, Glencoe. On it was inscribed: "To the very Rev. A. Haldane Chinnery, from Fr. Guido, O.S.E., Sept. 16, 1875."

It is a curious chapter of history. All the actors in it are gone. What happened we know, but how it happened, will remain a mystery.

The story is interesting, not merely as illustrating the artless; simple confidence of the Bishop, but as one of those "impossibilities" which nevertheless, from time to time, occur. Those who knew the man, know how inconceivable it is that he should even have taken advantage of some possible misunderstanding of the object, let us suppose, of some specially liberal gift, which in a land of *backsheeds*, might appear not wholly impossible; nor would I for one moment reflect on the character of Fr. Guido, of whom I never heard anything unworthy of the high position of trust which he occupied. He has been dead, I believe, some years. The story, as it stands, is an episode in the mysterious by-paths of ecclesiasticism which, as it is not likely to be wholly forgotten, it is perhaps worth while to record with precision.

THE TRINITY.

PEOPLE are apt to think of the Trinity as a puzzling speculation for theologians to discuss, perhaps as a paradoxical doctrine that ordinary people cannot be expected to understand, at any rate as something entirely removed from practical life, and having no bearing upon conduct.

On the other hand remember two points, not taken from Church formularies or the writings of theologians, but from the first of our four Gospels.

1. At the very end of St. Matthew we have our Lord's final commission to His apostles: "Go and make disciples of all nations, (1) baptizing them in or into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and (2) teaching them to observe all things that I have commanded you." Baptism is the rite of initiation, by which each and all are to be admitted into the Christian school, where they are to be trained in Christian faith and life. And Baptism is to be "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." A recognition of the Trinity stands then at the very beginning of Christian teaching; it is not something to be reserved for the highest classes, and the most advanced scholars. Everyone at the beginning, on becoming a disciple of the Lord, must acknowledge God under this threefold name, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. This is the name by which our Lord makes God known, as before He had been called "God Almighty," "Jehovah," "the Lord of hosts," and so forth. Observe there are not three names of three separate beings; it is not the name of the Father, and the name of the Son, and the name of the Holy Ghost, but the one name of the one supreme being, who exists in a three-fold way, and is made known to us as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. We see how impossible is any Unitarian interpretation of our Lord's words, which would make Him join together under a single name (1) the supreme God, (2) an inspired messenger, and (3) an influence.

2. Turn from the end to the beginning of the gospel. At the beginning of each of the first three Gospels (St. Matt. iii., St. Mark i., St. Luke iii.) we have the account of our Lord's Baptism, as He entered on His public work and ministry, for which He was by His Baptism set apart and prepared. At the Baptism we have a representation of the Trinity. The voice of the Father is heard from heaven, saying: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The human form of the incarnate Son is seen standing in the water. The Spirit is seen descending like a dove from heaven and resting upon Christ. This picture may be regarded as a sort of frontispiece to the

Gospel, giving a symbol and illustration of all our Lord's teaching that follows it. It shows something of the meaning (that part of the meaning which it is most important for us to seize) of our Baptism in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. We are made, and must live as becomes, children of the heavenly Father, members of the incarnate Son, sharers in the Holy Spirit.

The picture of the Trinity at our Lord's Baptism illustrates the way in which we learn about God and His relation to us.

(1) A Voice from heaven is heard. No form or figure is seen; but in Conscience and echoed in Nature and in History, a voice is heard, which we recognize as coming from heaven, from the invisible and higher world around and above us, so imperative is its bidding, "Thou shalt and must" do this and that, and "Thou shalt not" act in that other way. This is how many first become conscious of God and realize His relation to them. We long to know more about this voice, what sort of a being it is who thus speaks to us. (2) The Voice takes shape. The Word is made flesh. Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, acts out God's character on earth, in our nature and amid our circumstances. At the same time He shows us the true life of man, who was made in God's image. What Jesus was, God is. What Jesus was, man should be, and by His aid may gradually become.

(3) How, we ask, can we imitate the splendid pattern that our Lord has set before us? The vision of the Spirit descending from heaven to earth is the reply. It is by the gift of the Spirit that we are truly made children of our heavenly Father, not only deriving from Him all the powers and faculties of our being, but having His moral nature and character—His love, His truth, His holiness—communicated to us. So it is by the indwelling of the Spirit that we are truly made members of Christ. The Body carries on the work of the Head, and reproduces His likeness.

Put together (1) our Lord's commission (at the end of the Gospel) to baptize in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and (2) the picture (at the beginning of the Gospel) of His Baptism; and we see something at any rate of the meaning of the Trinity; the Father, *God*, in His infinite and immaterial being removed from us, and baffling our understanding; the Son, *God as man*, making His Father known to us; the Holy Ghost, *God in men and women*, reproducing in us our Father's character, as it has been acted out before our eyes by Christ our Elder Brother. We are to know God not as a Being far off, but as brought near in Christ; not only as external to us, but within us by His Spirit.—A. C. A. H.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP OF MILWAUKEE.

[Continued from Page 899.]

and unexpected places, surprise us. There is St. Paul's, Alderley, a strictly rural parish, out in the fields, not a house near to it, and its history covering less than fifty years—and yet it has sent four men to the ministry, two to very distant missionary fields. St. Luke's, Whitewater, only a village most of its time, and only a small parish at any time, has likewise contributed four. Little St. Edmund's, in Milwaukee, just at this Council admitted as a parish, only a struggling mission, has contributed three men to the priesthood, and one good woman has gone from its ranks recently into the convent life. St. John Baptist's, Elkhorn, another small and rural parish, has sent three good men into the ranks of the priesthood. The Cathedral makes the largest record. Not counting those who have made it a temporary refuge in their candidacy at Nashotah, not counting these—eleven Cathedral boys, strictly belonging to the parish, and brought up in it from the beginning, have entered the priesthood, and not one of them has been a failure. All this, within the 35 years of the Cathedral's history. And from this we look with a sense of shame at parishes with fifty years of history behind them, with money and social dignity, and great educational advantages flowing all about them, and yet never a priest to come therefrom to devote himself, never a woman to give herself, to this special work for God. Lord, have mercy upon us; forgive our sins of omission, and incline our hearts, hereafter, more devoutly to keep Thy law.

TO BE BLAMELESS in word; to sacrifice self, to take more and more secretly the lowest place; to be content to do nothing that attracts notice, but to do it always to the greater glory of God—this is the sure hope to everyone of final peace.—*Anon.*

Helps on the Sunday School Lessons

JOINT DIOCESAN SERIES

SUBJECT—*Old Testament History. Part IV. From the Captivity of Israel to the Close of the Old Testament.*

BY THE REV. ELMER E. LOFSTROM

DANIEL INTERPRETS THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

FOR THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Catechism: XII., The Lord's Prayer. Text: I. Cor. III. 13.

Scripture: Dan. v. 1-12, 17, 24-30.

MANY changes in the government of Babylon had taken place since Daniel had first been taken thither. The time of the present lesson was about sixty-six years later. In the meantime, Nebuchadnezzar, after a brilliant reign of 43 years, had died. His son, Evil-Merodach, remained upon the throne but three years, when he was murdered by his brother-in-law, Neriglissar, who was king for four years. Soon after his death his son was murdered and a new dynasty came in with Nabonidus. He was on the throne in the seventeenth year of his reign at this time. "Belshazzar" was long a puzzle to students, but he is now known to have been the eldest son of Nabonidus and associated with him in the government, and so is rightly called "Belshazzar the king." He was about seventeen years old at this time. The time is fixed by the fact that Cyrus captured Babylon in 539 B. C.

Belshazzar was drunken with wine when he gave the fateful order to bring forth the sacred vessels. In spite of the fact that the city was surrounded by a besieging army, he and the "best blood" of the city were debauching themselves. It shows his utter unworthiness. He was in a position of great responsibility, yet he was concerned only with pleasure and the gratification of the senses. Verse 22 indicates that he was punished not for this act alone. And yet, vain and proud young man that he was, he would hardly have given such an order had his head been clear. It is a well-known fact that the majority of crimes are committed under the influence of liquor. Yet the law holds the drunkard responsible for his acts. It is right in so doing. The man himself is responsible for his condition. It needs no revelation from God to teach us that we are held accountable for the powers we lose by abuse of them. This applies to other things than drink. The boy who permits himself to become a degenerate by the use of cigarettes is judged from the standpoint of what he ought to have been. There are other forms of self-abuse which deaden our powers. A good opportunity is here presented the teacher for giving some loving words of warning.

There is a sense in which the profaning of the sacred vessels was but typical of the manner in which this gay young king had brought ruin upon himself. God gives us powers to use for His glory and the blessing of humanity. For any man to use these powers for low and base ends is to profane that which ought to be sacred to the purposes for which they have been given us. It is practically the same as taking the holy vessels from the Temple of God that they may be used to minister to the debasing appetites of the body. For a Christian to abuse powers is still more a profanation. He has consecrated himself to God's work. He has been set apart, as the holy vessels were set apart, from all unhallowed and worldly uses. Let us use some self-examination before we be too stern in our judgment of Belshazzar.

Daniel was an old man at this time, probably something over 80 years of age. The "queen" was without doubt the "queen-mother" who was probably the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, and who thus knew of the earlier career of Daniel. The rewards offered him could have been but little inducement to Daniel. He knew that the kingdom was about to fall. He knew that he had but a few years to live. Yet it was not without a reason, either, that he should now be brought out into such a prominent position. The kingdom was to go into the hands of another line. Daniel as the "third ruler in the kingdom," and yet as one who had not been concerned in the troubles, was in a position where he could be of great service to the exiles. The treatment accorded the Jews by Cyrus would almost presuppose the influence of some such man as Daniel. An interesting point is brought out by the fact that Daniel was made the *third* ruler in the kingdom. Why not the second?

Since we have learned who Belshazzar was, we see that he himself was the second ruler, since Nabonidus was the real king. Thus an unconscious witness is borne to the reliability of the narrative.

The portentous words are Aramaic, *i.e.*, Hebrew as it was spoken by the people. They mean "Numbering, weighing, and breaking." The "U" of *upharsin* is the conjunction "and." *Pharsin* is the plural active participle, while *peres* is the passive singular of the same. Vowel points are a modern invention. Only the consonants were therefore written. The same letters which spell *peres* spell also Persia (𐎱 𐎠 𐎼). There is thus a play upon words as well.

Another practical lesson may be drawn by a discussion on the subject of warnings. This mysterious hand wrote upon the wall a sentence of doom already pronounced. Yet it was more than a sentence. It was a merciful warning. If it were heeded by the young king, he would have repented. His repentance might not have averted the earthly doom, but it would have prepared him in some measure for his entrance into the life beyond. A loving and merciful God sends us constant warnings. Unless they are heeded they but deaden the faculties which ought to hear and respond. Every warning comes then either as a blessing or as a sentence of doom. How does God warn us now? Individually? As a nation? From the accounts given in the press of the action of the Russian "nobles" during the war with Japan, and especially during the siege of Port Arthur we are furnished a modern parallel to the action of Belshazzar. It is significant that the results were not dissimilar.

Correspondence

All communications published under this head must be signed by the actual name of the writer. This rule will invariably be adhered to. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed, but yet reserves the right to exercise discretion as to what letters shall be published.

BISHOP POTTER AND THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

A SERMON was lately delivered in Christ Church, Coopers-town, by the rector, which has now been printed and issued by Bishop Potter, under the title, *The Truth About Adam and Eve*.

I do not wish to draw your attention to the sermon itself (although the preacher speaks of the Bible being largely made up of myths and legends), but to the preface by the Bishop, who says:

"The Church has come to a moment when she must take the Bible in her hands, and give it back to her children with a frank and manly recognition of all that scholars have done for the better 'understanding' of it. It is not to her credit, nor honor, that she has halted so long, in the face of this duty; nor that so many pulpits have been dumb when devout scholars, like Mozley, in his great Bampton Lectures, *The Ruling Ideas of Early Ages*, have with such splendid courage and such sound learning, sought to deliver us from a dreary literature of interpretation, and a drearier fetichism of homage for the letter, which have made of the Bible 'a burden too heavy to be borne.'

When almost every article of the Church's Creed is being either denied or explained away, we rely upon our Bishops for protection; but when a Bishop himself finds fault with the Bible, the sole foundation of our Holy Faith, as a loyal member of the Bishop's Church and diocese, I must (with your permission) dissent most strongly in your columns from the Bishop's views.

Fortunately for the New York diocese, he held no such opinions in 1857, for had he in that year, when asked, "Do you unfeignedly believe *all* the canonical scriptures of the Old and New Testaments?" made a reservation with regard to the "myths and legends," I imagine the Church would have had one deacon less that year. With his later views of the canonical Scriptures, it must be embarrassing for the Bishop to require an emphatic, "I do believe them," from every candidate for the diaconate.

"A burden too heavy to be borne." What a monstrous misnomer for that Holy Revelation, that for ages has been the chief solace of myriads of sinners and saints!

Thank God, that in spite of what the Bishop calls "fetichism," I believe every word in the Bible from the first word in

Genesis, to the last word in Revelation; the 1st chapter of Genesis is no more a strain upon my faith than the 14th of Matthew. God has not seen fit to reveal to us His methods of creation, and I do not expect to receive that revelation through a Bampton Lecturer or the Higher Critics.

Wishing I could induce you to supplement my humble protest with your more powerful one,

Very truly yours,

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

H. C. FAIRBAIRN.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

To the Editor of The Living Church:

YOUR correspondent, Mr. Hugh J. Spencer, in your issue of September 1st, asks some very pertinent questions with reference to Mrs. Eddy's religion. Moreover they are timely, for the believers of that system are the most zealous and insidious propagandists of which I have any knowledge.

No doubt, as you suggest, the restored use of the Sacrament of Unction would prevent many Churchmen from falling away to that most pernicious heresy. But would a mere restoration suffice? It seems to me that the clergy themselves first need to be converted to an *active* faith in the power and willingness of God to heal the sick. It seems to me a very simple proposition, viz., If the clergy *believe* that the old Sacrament of Unction has God's promise to heal attached to it, they will use it without waiting for any canonical or rubrical authority—as they may lawfully do. If they do not believe, they will not act.

May I also add that one of the sadder features of the numerous perversions known to me of Church people is the willingness with which they place themselves in the position of denying some of the essential doctrines of the Christian Faith, and repudiating the sacraments of the Church.

I have had some correspondence with my Bishop on the subject of "Christian Science," and as a forcible contribution to the discussion which I hope will ensue in your columns, I append (with his consent) a letter recently received from him.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Sept. 6, 1906. M. M. MOORE.

"BISHOP'S OFFICE, 523 South Olive Street,

"LOS ANGELES, CAL., August 22, 1906.

"*The Rev. M. M. Moore, Santa Barbara, Cal.*

"MY DEAR MR. MOORE:—And now with reference to the important subject to which you refer. I have been giving a great deal of thought to this subject and to the policy which should prevail with reference to Christian Scientists. Of one thing I am fully satisfied, and that is that controversial sermons not only produce no good effect, but almost invariably give rise to the spirit which is disastrous to the religious life of the parish. While you and I may be thoroughly convinced that our argument is well stated and logically developed, in almost every congregation there are people, and many of them, who are unable to reason very closely. As a consequence they misconceive the data given, misconstrue the argument, and easily fall into the logical pit that may be set for them by those who are opposed to us. I happen to know of a number of cases where sermons of that sort have aroused a great deal of bad blood and have failed to produce any satisfactory results. Your decision is therefore particularly gratifying to me.

"I am confident that there is only one way in which to approach these people. I have read with a great deal of care and considerable interest most of Mrs. Eddy's book, *Science and Health*, and have discovered, I believe, what is the one essential thought in the work. The book itself wholly lacks literary quality. Much of Mrs. Eddy's writing is inconsequential, to put it mildly. And yet she has gotten hold of a fundamental truth, and placing the emphasis upon that, she has results which cannot be questioned. To the surprise of all of those who have accepted her theory to whom I have spoken, I have said that that one truth was a truth which the Church embodied in the books of the Bible. It is this: That God is immanent in the soul, and that through union with a personal Christ the individual soul may be in receipt of every grace and every gift that it is possible for Almighty God to bestow. I am sure that the 'prayer of humble accession' just before the consecration in the office of the Holy Communion, places the emphasis upon the Church's conviction concerning this matter. It is true, unfortunately, that we have not lived in accordance with the thought to which I have turned your attention. Unfortunately the same is true of the relation of many Christian souls to the other verities of the Faith. I am certain, however, that the time has come when we should live as it were in the light of the great fact that God, who made the heavens and the earth, is as close to each individual life as He ever can be, either now or hereafter, and that by virtue of that fact we ought reverently to claim that the light and inspiration which He can give will illuminate the mind, the heart and the will, and that His power will pervade every nerve muscle and tissue of the body if in perfect confidence we trust Him

to fulfil His promises. Now if we are preaching and living such great truths as these, and demonstrating their power in sweet, clean, self-controlled lives, we shall go far toward meeting the arguments of those who are preaching as a recent discovery this truth which the Church has always held. I find that in the vast majority of cases of people who have been led away from the Church of God, they have fancied that the Church has not stood for this truth which comes to them under the guise of a new religion.

"Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) JOSEPH H. JOHNSON."

SHOULD PUNISHMENT BE RETALIATION?

To the Editor of The Living Church:

MAY I, through the organ of THE LIVING CHURCH sound a note of warning to all my fellow-workers in the field of teaching? Twice yesterday, my attention was called to the above named subject, and the heart-searching question came home to me, through noticing the mistakes of others.

The first case was that of a mother, harshly scolding her fifteen-year-old daughter, before a table-full of strangers, and meting out to her, in the most humiliating way, the punishment of going to bed at eight o'clock. When the daughter had left the room, I could not but intercede for her, and tell the mother how sorry I had felt for the poor child. I am thankful to say, forgiveness was granted, but the motive of the punishment was revealed in the mother's unconscious confession: "She humiliated me; I felt I must humiliate her before everybody." Thus, punishment was but a natural desire for revenge.

The second case occurred at the same table. A woman was mercilessly criticizing her friend's little daughter, dissecting the child's character in such a way that had we not known any better, we would have thought the little girl was the most disagreeable, unloving child that ever was. As it is, she is a general favorite, being particularly attractive in her thoughtful ways. To the words of the woman, I answered by the question: "You dislike the child, do you not?" She had gone too far to retract; she stood convicted of having let her own hate speak the hateful words.

On the point of taking up again my work of helping young people, these two cases could not but make a deep impression on my mind. The one a *just* punishment, but dealt out more in a spirit of revenge than with the hope of helping that young girl to see her fault, and of preparing her for a "better struggle" with the demon of falsehood in the future; the other an unfair, cowardly attack, poisoning the very atmosphere in which a young child lives.

Food for thought surely, to us teachers; time to think of the responsibility which lies with us. Of course, punishment there must be, when the work is not done, when inattention, carelessness, or perhaps rude behavior are threatening to mar the results, which we so earnestly, so patiently strive for day by day, but—shall it be given in a spirit of retaliation? Shall we punish because we are angry? because we have the power, as school boys and girls would call it, *to pay back*. Again, shall we be unjust, because we do not feel attracted to this or that special child? God forbid. Let *love* be the great motive power of our teaching, of our dealings with the young people; let us, before we begin our day's work, earnestly ask of Him, the spirit of the Great Teacher, spirit of gentleness, of infinite patience, of ardent longing to help, yea, the spirit of *self-sacrifice*. We all need it in our daily life, but do not teachers, whether in the pulpit or in the schoolroom need it, even more than others?

"Spirit of purity and grace

Our weakness pitying see,

Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place
And worthier Thee."

Orient, L. I., Sept. 9, 1906.

M. J. Bois.

DR. HALL'S DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

IF it is not too late, I should like to say a word about Dr. Hall's new book, which we all hope will come out very shortly. Dr. Hall has done me the honor of allowing me to see some of his manuscript, and I am confident from what I know that the work will be found to be of the very greatest importance to theological science in the American Church. The subscription price is so moderate that it is within the reach of almost everybody, and Dr. Hall's name on the cover should be a sufficient guarantee of the learning which the book displays. It is

to be hoped that large numbers of the clergy will see their way to subscribe, not only to the first volume, but to the whole series.

Very sincerely,

Nashotah House. SIGOURNEY W. FAY,
Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology.

ABSOLUTION AN INHERENT PART OF THE SERVICE.

To the Editor of *The Living Church*:

THE rapidly increasing and now common practice of omitting the Exhortation and General Confession in Morning Prayer, deprives the congregation of the benefits of the declaration of Absolution. If we are to begin service with one of the opening sentences and then pass on to "The Lord be with you" and the Lord's Prayer, can no change or plan be made by which at Morning Prayer, particularly, the Absolution can be given in the shortened service?

All do not stay to the Holy Communion office, and besides the service is often shortened when no Holy Communion follows.
Boston, Sept. 16, 1906. WM. COPLEY WINSLOW.

LITERARY

RELIGIOUS.

The Mission of the Holy Ghost. By the Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$1.00.

The four lectures reprinted in this volume were originally delivered to the members of the St. Paul's Lecture Society, during the autumn of 1905. They are entitled, "The Mission of the Holy Ghost"; "The Holy Spirit and Nature"; "The Holy Spirit and Man"; "The Holy Spirit and the Church." Characterized, as they are by Dr. Walpole's ripe learning, clearness of theological thought, and simplicity of literary style, they should be welcome by all devout readers, especially since it is true that good treatises upon the Nature and Work of the Holy Spirit are few, at least in English.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Walt Whitman, a Study. By John Addington Symonds. London: George Routledge & Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, 50 cents.

This latest addition to Routledge's *New Universal Library* is an appreciative and critical study of "The Good Gray Poet" by one of his earliest friends and champions. Nothing is more curious to the student of literature than the growing appreciation of Walt Whitman. It is a singular fact that the poet of universal democracy finds his most appreciative admirers and champions in the most exclusive circles of the aristocracy of letters. Whatever Mr. Symonds writes is worth reading, but the great army of readers is not yet prepared to accept Whitman at his estimate.

The Children's Heroes Series. Edited by John Lang. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, 50 cts. each.

The Story of Joan of Arc. By Andrew Lang.

The Story of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Margaret Duncan Kelly.

The Story of Captain Cook. By John Lang.

The Story of David Livingstone. By Vautier Golding.

This very attractive series of little books cannot be too highly commended. The stories are told in such a way as to hold the attention of children and to make an impression upon their memory. Actual observation has convinced the present writer that not only are they suited to children's reading, but that children do read them with avidity, which is the important thing. The clear type and artistic colored illustrations add greatly to their value.

Personal Forces in Modern Literature. By Arthur Rickett. London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

The purpose of the lectures which make up this volume is concerned rather with the "personal equation" of the authors discussed than with the literary value of their work, although the latter is not overlooked. In the chapter entitled "The Moralists," Cardinal Newman and James Martineau are considered. "The Scientist" is Professor Huxley; "The Poets," Wadsworth, Keats, and Rossetti; "The Novelist," Dickens; "The Vagabonds," Hazlitt and De Quincey. The criticism throughout is just and discriminating and characterized by a freshness and vivacity which is very pleasing.

Picturesque Brittany. By Mrs. Arthur G. Bell, with illustrations in color by Arthur G. Bell. London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$3.50 net.

This very beautiful book is the record of a tour through Brittany supplemented by a general account of the whole province. Mrs. Bell tells us nothing that has not been told many times before, but

the *raison d'être* of the book is the series of twenty-four delightful illustrations in color by Mr. Bell, which are very well worth while and entirely charming.

The Works of Flavius Josephus. Translated by William Whiston and newly edited by D. S. Margoliouth, D.Litt. London: George Routledge & Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.00. 989 pages.

This excellent edition of Josephus in a single volume is extremely well printed and is furnished with a good index. In his introduction, Dr. Margoliouth summarizes the results of recent research on the works of Josephus and those passages in them which attract most readers' attention, and refers to the monographs in which each question is discussed. Whiston's antiquated notes and dissertations have been omitted.

Our Common Wild Flowers of Springtime and Autumn. By Alice M. Dowd. Boston: The Gorham Press.

This valuable little treatise has been written with the end in view of giving some insight into the mysteries of plant life to such young people as will be unable to follow an extended course in botany. The author has well fulfilled her aim, for the book is written in such a simple, yet pleasing style, that it cannot fail to stimulate children to interest themselves in the structure and growth of the common wild flowers. The contents of the small volume are divided into four parts, one for each of four successive school years, followed by appendices containing a glossary and a classification of the plants described.

Talks With the Training Class. By Margaret Slattery. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, 65 cts.

We have read this little volume from end to end. It is an unusually good book. It is what it professes to be, "a practical manual for teacher-training classes." It presents its subject so simply that the Sunday School teacher who knows nothing of psychology, and has never tried to understand child-nature, will have no difficulty in understanding the author at the first reading.

"What makes a successful Sunday School?" There is but one answer—the teacher. There is not a poor school in the Church that would not be improved if its pastor would start a teacher-training class. No matter how much his own pedagogical training may have been neglected, he is perfectly able to master this little volume and impart its knowledge to his teachers. We believe his success here would encourage him to go on and master more advanced manuals.

ALFORD A. BUTLER.

THE MAGAZINES.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, in his article on "The American Bison or Buffalo," in the October *Scribner*, estimates that there were once sixty million buffalo in this country. All that remains is a small herd of wild buffalo in Canada and a few scattered protected herds in the United States, not exceeding two thousand in all. Mary R. S. Andrews will have a story in the October *Scribner*, entitled "A Messenger," which has to do with the strange experience of a young officer on the plains. Mrs. Andrews' recent story in *Scribner's*, "The Perfect Tribute," has called out an unusual number of letters of enthusiastic praise, with a pressing demand for the republication of the story in book form. John Fox's short serial in *Scribner's* will introduce in the October number a most amusing politician who is canvassing the mountains and wins most of his votes by the remarkable talent which he has of moving his ears.

THE FICTION of *The Century* for the new magazine year is to include novels by Frances Hodgson Burnett and Elizabeth Robins, besides the "Running Water" of A. E. W. Mason, which will continue for a number of months. Mrs. Burnett's new story will be called "The Shuttle," and is described as an international novel of English and American life. "Come and Find Me," of Elizabeth Robins, will have its scenes laid in California and the far North. *The Century* in 1907 will have a strong Civil War flavor. Already in preparation are a series of articles on "How the Civil War was Financed," by Ellis Paxson Oberholzer; an account of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," by David Homer Bates, and General O. O. Howard's recollections of distinguished men, Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Grant, Lee, and others.

LET US GIVE ourselves to God without any reserve, and let us fear nothing. He will love us, and we shall love Him. His love, increasing every day, will take the place of everything else to us. He will fill our whole hearts; He will deprive us only of those things that make us unhappy. He will cause us to do in general, what we have been doing already, but which we have done in an unsatisfactory manner; whereas, hereafter, we shall do them well, because they will be done for His sake. Even the smallest actions of a simple and common life will be turned to consolation and recompense. We shall meet the approach of death in peace; it will be changed for us into the beginning of the immortal life.—François de la Mothe Fénelon.

HIS LUCKY HAZARD.

A GOLFING INCIDENT.

By H. CAMERON WILSON.

HERE were only two people in the whole club who did not breathe out anathema and malediction upon the Half-way House. Implacable, uncompromising, it stood in the very midst of the best field on the links; between the fifth and sixth teeing-grounds, the small, squat building broke rudely into an uninterrupted range of even ground, its shattered windows mutely testifying to hard usage at the hands of more than one member of the Halcyon Club.

Many a new, shiny ball had found a final resting-place beneath the cottage, many an imprecation had been hurled against its weather-beaten walls; but there the shack remained—an immutable tribute to the obstinacy of a testy land-owner who had never played golf, nor could be made to understand the peculiar trend of a golfer's mind and language. From the day on which the links had been laid out to that on which the greens were ready for play, weekly deputations had waited upon the obdurate owner of the land; but the most ingenious pleadings, the most insidious arguments, proved futile—the Half-way House remained.

* * * * *

The September afternoon was wearing to a close as Jack Gordon and Mollie Brent forsook the jolly crowd who, in congenial groups, thronged the wide verandas of the club-house. To the music of spoons beaten against empty tea-cups they sauntered with affected nonchalance in the direction of the first tee.

"Don't look back—it only encourages them," said Miss Brent, with quickened step and rising color.

"You don't mind it, do you?" ventured her escort boldly, as he surveyed the graceful girl beside him.

She looked unusually attractive in her tight-fitting red jacket bedecked with brass buttons, her short tweed skirt, and jaunty hat of soft gray felt. Her hair was blown about her face in straggling wisps of gold; her dark eyes glowed with all the beauty of an unrestricted freedom as she walked with the airy motion and gently swinging tread of one wedded to the healthful activity of an outdoor life; the clear, fresh color in her cheeks told of frequent encounters with boisterous winds, cool rains, and warm-caressing sunshine.

He was tall, well-made, imbued with the energy and strength of youth.

Above them stretched a broad expanse of cloudless blue, around them vast stretches of fragrant meadowland. In the trees of a neighboring wood the first early touch of autumn's fingers showed in the softly blended tints of russet and yellow. Masses of golden-rod skirted the rough rail-fencing of the farms over which the links extended; in the far distance rose the blue ridges of the foot-hills.

"You're walking very fast," said Gordon, who had been vainly trying to modulate the speed of his energetic companion.

"If we want to get around the links before sunset we'll have to hurry—that's all," Mollie replied, with a slight increase of gait.

The girl scented danger in the air, and, judging from appearances, the wily Jack was in no particular haste to make the course; for he had already achieved his object in challenging Miss Brent to a final round. He had merely wanted to get away from the noise and tea-drinking at the club-house, but the redoubtable Mollie was game to the very core of her heart; to her a challenge was ever a challenge.

"Don't you think it is rather late to begin?" suggested the man with all the subtlety of a much-practised art. "Let's go over to the river-bank and gather some golden-rod. Your mother said she wanted some."

Mollie turned so suddenly upon the intriguer that a look positively sheepish swept over his handsome features.

"What will we do with them?" said she, glancing over her shoulder at the caddies who lagged discreetly behind, deeply engrossed in matching pennies.

Nodding in the direction of the two boys Gordon laughed. "There are other games than golf," he replied, teasingly, at which blunt allusion to a favorite picture Miss Brent's roses assumed a deeper pink.

"But we shall stick to golf; it's safer than the other—than matching pennies, I mean!" she stammered in confusion.

* * * * *

They were ready for the sixth hole, called the "Saints' Rest," and Mollie was ahead by four.

"I bet you won't clear that hazard in three—you'd better go round!" exclaimed Gordon, as his lithe opponent selected her cleek from the bag in preparation for a drive across field. The Half-way House loomed up before them with the choice of a lift, or of circumlocution.

"I'll get over the wretched place in two, or smash that last pane in the attempt!" Mollie answered with decision and a touch of defiance, as she marked the distance for her first stroke. This shot brought her within six yards of the cottage. Seizing her loftier, she took a firm grip, made an astounding fozzle, and, finally, with a desperate swing of her club, sent the ball speeding through the air. There was a crashing of glass as the sole remaining pane in the small window was shattered into fragments.

"What did I tell you?" called Mollie, laughingly, as she dropped her iron upon the ground. Jack looked on approvingly. His move was clear. For the first time during the game he played to win. His ball sped with wondrous impetus before the blow from his driver, made a graceful curve in the direction of the Half-way House, and followed Mollie's much-hacked sphere through the broken window.

Together they hastened to the cottage, opened the creaking door which hung unsteadily upon its rusty hinges, and entered. The sunlight streamed through the western window, flooding the musty room with mellowed radiance. Strips of discolored paper hung in shreds from the walls, while large pieces of plaster had fallen from the ceiling. A deserted swallow's nest clung to the laths above the fireplace; a wooden box and a chair (lacking as to seat) formed the only articles of furniture.

In the corner, cuddling close together, were two battered, mud-stained balls, which looked so ridiculously social and pleased with themselves, that Jack and Mollie joined in a hearty laugh.

"Which is yours?" he asked.

"The one that isn't yours!" archly replied Miss Brent.

"But which is mine?"

"The one that doesn't belong to me, I suppose."

"Leave them alone," Gordon said with judicial mien, "and let them sort themselves out. The one that rolls from the corner first is yours—that's fair enough. Come over here, Mollie, while they are settling the matter. I want to tell you something."

"Then come out on the steps!" said Miss Brent, evasively.

"The caddies are matching pennies there, and we might disturb their game,"—with sudden consideration. "You take the chair, and I'll take the box."

"There's more foundation to the box, I believe." Mollie inspected its dusty framework, and, concluding that it was quite safe, ensconced herself comfortably thereon, while Jack placed his bottomless chair in the near vicinity.

His earnest, sunburned face was raised to the beautiful one above him. He pushed his cap back upon his rumpled, brown hair, and with hands in his pockets tilted his chair nervously backward and forward.

The silence began to grow embarrassing. Judging from excited voices on the crazy steps of the house, one of the youthful gamblers had become insolent.

"O, I say, Mollie! You know what I want to tell you. You must see that I care a mighty lot for you—will you marry me?"

"I suppose I ought to say it's 'very sudden,' Jack, but—"

"I love you, Mollie—have loved you ever since the first time I saw you; it was at the Clark's dance, you remember, and every time I saw you, you were waltzing with Ned Graham—"

"Jack Gordon!"

"Yes, it's true—every word of it. I went home and never slept a wink all night."

"You made up for it the next morning, then; we were asked to the Woodward's for luncheon, and I remember that you were late."

"Do you remember?" he asked, flattered immeasurably.

"Yes, but only because I was ravenously hungry, and you kept us waiting. I wasn't interested in you in those days."

"Are you now, Mollie?" He took one of her slender brown hands and held it tightly in both his own as he continued. "I haven't been free to tell you that I cared, because I hadn't enough to keep myself and the dog—let alone a wife. College extravagances cannot be cut out in a year, you know, and jour-

nalism is uncertain. The father is a corker—has helped me out four times in the last month."

Miss Brent's eyes twinkled. "Rather a hopeless outlook for Mrs. Jack Gordon, isn't it, sir?"

"Now that's a hard crack, Mollie, but I know you didn't mean it. This morning the manager came into the office where I was doing piece-work, and told me he is going to move me up to the editorial rooms with an increase. So we'd have enough to live on and—something to buy golf balls with. What is my answer, dearest?"

The answer was murmured very softly, almost inaudibly, as he clasped her close to him, her warm cheek pressed to his own, her hair brushing against his face.

* * * * *

"Come, let's finish the game!" said Mollie with the spirit of a true sportsman, as she re-arranged her gray felt hat. "Which ball is yours, and which is mine? Decide!"

"Not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine,"

quoted Jack with the majestic air of a conqueror. Leaning over, he picked up the balls and dropped them both into his capacious pocket. "The game is over," he said, "and I have won."

The sun had almost sunk behind the hills before they reached the club-house, where a few loiterers remained gossiping. The caddies stood about in listless groups, anxious to be away. The heart of the young bankrupt was gladdened when Gordon slipped a silver dollar into his hand in addition to his fee. No sooner had he turned the corner than he executed a nimble hand-spring, concluding with serious face and a knowing wink at his partner in mischief.

"That Half-way House ain't so bad—see?" observed the youthful sage, pocketing his gains.

THE INCREASED WAGE.

BY ELISE GORDON.

TEDDY THORNDIKE was hammering tacks in the big block of wood which his father had provided for the purpose. His father, Theodore Thorndike, M.A., was a philosopher and daily reasoned upon the expansion of forces. Therefore, for the moment, he understood Teddy.

This wisdom was not inborn, nor was it a memory of his past. It is a strange fact that men rarely remember their boyish experiences long enough to allow them to become a practical influence. Teddy was a daily puzzle. And yet, Teddy was a mere miniature of his father.

The boy was sturdy and staunch, abounding in animal spirits, and wise enough now to know that tacks might be placed in this log and win his father's approval—but that tacks hammered along the edge of his father's desk, won something which was unpleasant to remember. He flushed when he thought of that strange experience. It is true that there was less fun in hammering the tacks in here. There was no varnish to crack, when the tiny point first forced its way, and the tacks looked less shiny and beautiful, but he was to receive a penny for every one hundred tacks which were placed very straight;—and for the decoration of the desk there awaited no reward, only a direful illustration of parental force.

Therefore was Teddy happy under the shade of the apple-tree, as he hammered, while his father, from the subdued light of the invalid mother's room, regarded him thoughtfully. He enjoyed seeing the little figure bend to the blows of the hammer. He realized that a new interest was taking the place in the boy's thought, of the recent punishment. He rejoiced that the painful affair was over, for that punishment had reacted upon his own mind. He felt baffled and disgraced, and an undefined longing for comfort had driven him to his wife's room. He had not often been there, of late. She seemed too weak and nervous to endure more than the mere perfunctory salutation of night and morning, but to-day he longed for feminine sympathy. Only his wife's eyes could make him forget the tears which streamed from Teddy's eyes in reproach. That drama in the barn had been a sad mistake! His hand had not been heavy, for he had stopped it when Teddy's voice rang out—"Oh, Farver, don't! Nobody kisses and plays wif me like a little boy, so I played I was a man—and didn't need it."

Ah, boys and men were of the same stuff, after all! He, too, had been playing a part. He went softly, after he had started Teddy upon his new work—to his wife's room, and with a greeting which carried a touch of awkwardness, he sat down

by her bed-side. She was pleased to have him there, he could see—but her face was turned away.

"What is that noise?" she asked wearily.

"It's Teddy hammering," he answered promptly, glad that she had furnished the opening wedge for his confession. He longed to tell her of the experience they had passed through, and he hurried on rapidly—"I have given him some tacks to hammer in that old block of wood. He needs work. He is so busy all the time—but his activity needs guidance." She smiled faintly as she smiled at him, but he could feel beneath the smile, a reproach.

"Couldn't he be given a more quiet occupation?" she asked.

"Why, yes, dear,—if it troubles you," he answered quickly. "I didn't think that you would mind the noise, or even hear it so far away. I'll go right down and stop him, if you say so."

"No, don't," she said, with an air of martyrdom, "I don't really mind. I'm glad to have him away for awhile."

A pang passed over both—her words reproached her. The thought flashed in their minds of the seven long years when they had no child, of the joy of their anticipation, of the ecstasy of that day of his birth. Then came, alas! the memory of the six years of invalidism which had held her from the old-time activities they had enjoyed, and had reduced her to this white-faced, feeble person, so unlike her former buoyant self.

Mr. Thorndike laid his hand upon hers. It was the first expression of real sympathy he had manifested in many a day. "I'm sorry, dear," he said. "I ought to have remembered, but the truth is, I knew that he must be busied in some way. You don't know how incessant he is in his mischief, and since he can't be with you, he haunts my study and plays all sorts of pranks. He cut all the soldiers from one of my old engravings, and used two dozen of my pens to make standards for them. He dipped the ivory chess-men in the ink to make colored troops for a battle,—and early this morning, he studded the old mahogany desk with tacks—to make it look prettier," he said. "I don't know what to do with him," he ended half irritably. "He needs control, and sympathy, and something I can't give. I was in despair," and he took his hand from hers, with a quick gesture of impatience.

"What did you say to him?" she asked anxiously. She was intensely interested. He saw it, and made full confession. "I didn't say much, Marian. I whipped him. I took him to the barn, and gave him just what I thought he deserved."

"Oh, Theodore!" she cried, "you didn't! Our baby! How could you?"

"How couldn't I?" he responded. "Then he was sorry—or said he was. And he was frightened and, of course, he cried. He said everyone scolds him, and no one kisses him. Perhaps that's true. We all need the old-time encouragements, dear. I devised this tacking business to keep him busy for a while. But I'll run right down and stop him, if you say so. I'll have to think of something else. He isn't happy unless he's busy."

"Oh, Theodore," she said with understanding. "Neither am I!"

It was true. He remembered her former way of life, her work in the garden, her labors in the household, her embroideries, her charities—all were gone. He looked down upon her, with a new tenderness in his eyes. And as she looked up, and met them, her own eyes filled with tears. She brushed them away, with a quick motion of her white hand, and turned her face toward his with a new bravery.

"Could you move me a little, Theodore—just a little, dear, so that I can see him?"

He took her up in his arms, as an answer, and she rested against him, realizing with a sudden pang how separated they had been. Together they looked into the garden. Teddy's hat was off, and his hair, in tight curls clung to his forehead. His slight figure, lithe and graceful, swayed easily to his task. His sleeves were rolled up, as he had seen the blacksmith's, and his white arms shone in the sunlight. All unconsciously he hammered on: "Seventy-free, seventy-four," he counted, "Bang! Bang!"

"Why does he count them, I wonder?" she said.

"Because he is to have a penny for every hundred," he explained, and they smiled at his earnestness.

"He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster."

She laughed and sang the words, then drew closer. "But I can't work at all, now—yet I wish,—Oh, I wish that you would give me something."

He understood and their lips met in true satisfaction.

[Continued on Page 908]

"TO BLOSSOM AS A ROSE."

BY CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

I.

FOR some months the school board had been casting sheep's-eyes upon the Widow Gillman's corner lot—a ground-plot of goodly repute in Dumfries township, both as to its site and its richness of soil.

Private enterprise had failed to induce the owner thereof to relinquish the smallest fraction. After each advance on the part of intending purchasers, the said lot took unto itself a small but definite rise in the realty market, until at last private enterprise acknowledged its defeat. Therefore, public interest, vested with unnatural and baneful authority, began to hover, harpy-like, above the much-desired portion of the Widow Gillman's heritage.

Individually, the widow could wind any member of the board around any one of her fat, pudgy fingers. Collectively, they resembled King John, inasmuch as they feared neither God nor man—nor even Abner Gillman's prosperous relict.

At a recent village social, when comfortably ensconced behind the roaring box-stove, sipping weak coffee between mouthfuls of Pinky Hudson's famous walnut cake, John Duncan had conveyed to the widow a faint inkling of the board's intentions.

"La, John Duncan! You don't mean to tell me that pesky board has took a fancy to my corner lot! Sakes alive!"

Mrs. Gillman regarded luckless John Duncan with a look that boded ill for the school board. In the excitement of the moment, the unhappy swain upset his cup of Mocha on the lady's new silk skirt. He promptly whisked a red bandanna handkerchief from a bulging hip-pocket, and commenced to mop, in turns, the damaged garment and his own perspiring face.

"Well, it ain't decided exactly," gasped Duncan, with some attempt at serenity, "though I *must* say as how that lot do seem mighty handy for the new schoolhouse. The children—"

"It ain't the children they're considerin'. It's the rate-payers what's backin' the board! The flesh-pots of my poor, dear, dead man who seems terrible fetching to Henry Mason and his robber-gang. Robbers—every mother's son of them, and me a widow—"

"Now, don't take on, Mis' Gillman! As I told you, it ain't settled, and there ain't no need to cross yer bridges till you come to 'em."

At this juncture the bearers of cake and coffee appeared to replenish diminished supplies. The widow and her companion rather welcomed the interruption, gratefully accepting the proffered dainties.

Three months later, John Duncan's intimations were rudely verified by an evening call from Henry Mason and two of his robber-gang. They called to inform Mrs. Gillman that her corner lot was to be appropriated for educational purposes in the township; in the interests of the section it was deemed advisable to build another schoolhouse, and the locality of her corner lot was singularly adapted to their purposes. Henry Mason himself, with an aggressive air of importance, read to the tearful widow a by-law bearing upon the matter in hand.

From a pink-colored pamphlet he read several pages of legal tyranny, but at the last section the widow evinced a sudden and somewhat hopeful interest.

"R. S. O. 1897, cap. 292, Section 34—(1) A school site shall not be selected in a township within a hundred yards of the garden, orchard, pleasure-ground, or dwelling-house of the owner of the house without his consent."

"Now, Mis' Gillman, we'll bid you good-night for the present. I hope there'll be no ill-feeling over this here deal. You're a public-minded lady, as we all know, and doubtless you'll take the appropriation of your property in the right spirit. We'll come again on Thursday morning, with lawyer Steele, from town, to arrange on terms and *etcetera*."

"Very well, Mr. Mason," meekly replied the lady of public-mind, "I'll be on hand—Thursday, you said? Good-evenin'! Mind the front steps—there's a board loose."

II.

It was nearly eleven o'clock as Mrs. Gillman drove along the sandy road from town. On the seat of her light wagon there sat beside her a nephew of her husband, who clerked in "Gray & Watkins' Emporium" during the week, spending Sundays with his Aunt Gillman.

There was evidently mischief afoot, judging from the

widow's gentle chuckling and the young man's less gentle outbursts. A mysterious covering of faded sacking enveloped the contents of the wagon's rear.

"Them tyrants! Land o' Goshen! Won't they be ragin'?" The widow's chuckles redoubled, and Charlie's sides began to ache as he rocked against his aunt's portly form.

The air was heavy with the smell of countless blossoms, of fresh, moist earth, and new leafage. A stream rushed in glad-some turbulence beside the road, branching suddenly in the lush grasses that skirted the farthest fields of the widow's extensive property. A deluded cock gave one unearthly crow, then, realizing his mistake, relapsed into the prevailing silence.

"I reckon there'll be others crowin', this time to-morrow night, eh, Charlie?" Aunt Gillman's elbow glanced searchingly into Charlie's ribs, evoking a poke of sympathy on his part.

With homing instinct, whetted by a belated supper, the sleek roans threaded their way along the tree-fringed lane, into the quiet barnyard, halting in front of the familiar stable-doors.

"Light the lantern, Charlie. We'll water the horses and give them their supper—then our work begins." She patted one of the animals with a hearty slap as Charlie lit the lantern and loosed the team from the wagon. With a gentle whinny of satisfaction, the tired horses passed into the silent stable.

"Get the spades from the tool-house, Charlie. I'll get on my workin' dress and then we're ready for business. Henry Mason, indeed! I'll learn that old codger a lesson."

Suppressed laughter finished the widow's sentence, as she made her way to the kitchen door, gently humming, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," in a quavering contralto. By the light of a highly odorous lantern, she extracted a key from her copious shopping-bag, and entered the neat, yellow-painted room.

Half an hour later they were stealing guiltily towards the corner-lot. Slung over Charlie's broad shoulders was a bundle resembling an uprooted thicket, while clutched in the widow's arms was a similar bushy collection. From an arm of each hung a swaying lantern which cast weird, wraithly shadows about their path, lighting up the whitewashed tree-trunks that stood in long, ghostly lines through the orchard.

After a tiresome plodding across rough furrows and through the wet grasses, they reached the corner-lot.

"Now, Charlie Read, you'll see the Scriptures come true, and the wilderness made to blossom as a rose."

For nearly two hours Charlie wielded his spade, and into each freshly made hole, with a viciousness out of all proportion to so commendable a proceeding, the Widow Gillman inserted the roots of a straggly, bushy tree—minus blossoms or leaves, but trees, nevertheless.

As the last roots were safely covered with moist, fragrant earth, the youth gave a sigh of satisfaction and wiped the moisture from his flushed, laughing face.

"I guess that'll fix 'em, boy! Now for home and a good night's rest. We'll have breakfast a bit late—half-past six—so you can lay in bed and rest up some. Henry Mason won't sleep extra good, to-morrow night, I'll reckon!"

III.

Mrs. Gillman threw open the door of her cool, seldom-used parlor, and with an air of deferential hospitality, motioned her visitors within. Henry Mason introduced the lawyer from town who, with the three members of the board, sat stiffly on the slippery horse-hair chair-covers.

"Set down, Mis' Gillman! We've come to arrange with you about the prices and *etcetera* of your corner-lot. We want to do the square thing by you, and I guess as how you're ready to coöperate with the members of the board and our lawyer here."

Mason delivered his oration with a proper sense of the importance befitting so formal an occasion, placed his hat upon the floor, and drew forth a bundle of legal-looking papers.

"You ain't meanin' my apple-orchard, surely, Mr. Mason?" asked the widow with mild, well-simulated surprise.

"Oh, no, Mis' Gillman! The corner lot, you know—it ain't near your orchards—it's over one hundred yards from any garden, orchard, pleasure-ground, or dwelling-house. Otherwise we couldn't appropriate it—see?"

With a smile, Mr. Mason untied the red-tape.

"Are you quite sure of the lot, Henry Mason? The only

corner-lot I hev is a apple-orchard; so I guess our dealin's will hev to come to an end sudden-like."

"You will have your little joke, Mis' Gillman, eh? But we must get ready for business. Our legal friend here has to be back in town by two o'clock. Have you a pen handy, ma'am?"

"In good time, Mr. Mason. But we'd best go and hev a look at what property you mean—I ain't quite sure in my mind on that point. This way, gentlemen."

She led the way through the front door to a small side gate opening into a garden.

"This is the way to the corner-lot, if that's the one you're meanin'," with an indulgent smile at her followers, whose eyes squinted in the hot sun. "You men orter wear sun-bonnits, too!" the widow laughed, as she tied the blue strips under her third chin.

"Now *this*," she said to the perspiring quartette, after a tramp across several roughly-ploughed fields, "this is the corner-lot, and it's also my new apple-orchard. I *believe* they're very fine young trees—them Baldwin pippins, specially, and also them Northern Spy's and Spitzenbergs. They seem to be doin' real nice, considerin' the short time they've been growin'."

The humor in Widow Gillman's eyes grew in proportion to the wrathful glare gathering in the eyes of her attendants.

"This here has ceased to be a joke, ma'am," snapped the irate Henry. "This property has been chose by the school board of this township, and you had better just make up yer mind to make the best of the bargain, too, ma'am. You ain't got a say in the matter, neither!"

At this tirade, the sun-bonnet shook violently, and a peal of laughter issued from its flowered recesses.

"The wilderness is blossomin' as a rose, Mr. Mason! My orchard has quite changed this here corner-lot, ain't it? You see, accordin' to the law you can't pick a school site within a hundred yards of a orchard, so I reckon the deal is closed. Old Mis' Devlin's lot, opposite, is *most* as good, and I hear she'd be glad to sell. Now, come in and hev a drink of buttermilk—the sun is powerful warm to-day. I hope it won't do my trees any harm. Ha! ha! ha! Come on to the house, folks!"

Mr. Mason mopped his brow and looked questioningly towards his lawyer. At the hopeless look on the latter's face, he said, meekly:

"Thank ye, Mis' Gillman, we don't mind if we do!"

NO ONE AT CHURCH.

One Saturday morning I had availed myself of the privilege of private prayer within a beautiful old church, but upon rising from my knees and gaining the door, what was my astonishment to find it locked, and no one within call to come to my assistance! The woman who cleaned the church would, no doubt, soon come to prepare it for Sunday's worship, so I reconciled myself to my position, and returned to my seat and to my meditations. After a time, becoming somewhat weary, I collected some cushions and resting more comfortably, enjoyed the stillness and repose.

But soon it seemed that already I was present at an early celebration for which I had prepared. I thought that it was Sunday morning: the priest was at the altar, and I had a consciousness of keen regret at the fewness of the worshippers—six in all: a priest on his holiday, a young couple (husband and wife), a doctor from a neighboring village, a young servant girl, and one poor old woman.

It was a large, well-taught parish, yet there were present none of the leading people, none of the business men, none of the farmers, none of the candidates at the last Confirmation.

My own thoughts certainly seemed to wander, quite without any check. Perhaps I was following up the train of thought of all these lost opportunities, when I felt a soft hand placed across my eyes, and heard a whisper in my ears of, "Judge not: the scales shall be removed from thine eyes: Behold!"

Was it the touch and the voice of an angel? I bent low in trembling humility and awe. Venturing presently to raise my eyes, great was my astonishment at finding the hitherto empty church full of living beings. At the gates of the screen leading into the chancel stood two angelic sentinels, their white glistening raiment contrasting with the rich tints of the painted windows. Above the altar, high up in the vaulted roof, were myriads of cherubim; round and about the altar were groups of angels, holding "golden censers," with incense therein, "which they offered up with the prayers of all saints, and the smoke of the incense which came with the prayer of the saints ascended before God out of the angel's hands."

That was not all. Near at hand I saw mysterious angelic forms mixing with a crowd of worshippers I had not seen before. The latter was somewhat shadowy and indistinct, but it was gradually revealed to me that they were linked in some way to the six worshippers already referred to.

When looking at the little servant girl more closely, I observed she was leading by the hand one who, I concluded, was her sweet-

heart; he seemed clad in the uniform of a soldier, then fighting on the veldt; and for an instant I seemed to catch a glimpse of an ambulance and the red cross of the attendants; and by the other hand she led one who I fancied might be a dearly-loved brother. By his garb I supposed him to be a factory hand, amid, perhaps, dangerous surroundings; and as she reverently entered the chancel, the little maid seemed to take these shadowy but much-loved forms to the foot of the altar, and I seemed to hear her cry:

"And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere."

I noticed that the chancel was crowded by quite a motley throng. The visiting priest had gone up first to communicate, and he was earnestly commending all his parishioners—toilers in a manufacturing city, gaunt, harsh-looking men, poorly-clad women, and little sickly children—truly all sorts and conditions—and his guild workers, his choir, and his sick. He took them all and laid them down before the altar, and I remembered, "He helpeth them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him."

The doctor had brought his sick, and the dying and the cases of suffering which were perplexing him; and also the households he visited, to whom he longed to breathe a message of peace and unity, but found it a task too difficult and delicate.

And then I turned and saw the young husband and wife, and they brought with them two curly-headed, golden-haired darlings just clinging round their parents' knees, and these they presented at the altar steps, in mutual faith and joy for the blessings on their wedded love and happiness.

And lastly came the old woman, hobbling up the chancel steps; very poor and very feeble she appeared; but what a crowd attended her! First, an old, bed-ridden husband, then a string of middle-aged sons and daughters, respectable, hard-working people they appeared, and a cluster of grandchildren of all ages and conditions, winding up with one little baby girl of the fourth generation—very dear to grannie's heart. And the old lady knelt with difficulty, but her wrinkled face was illuminated with holy love and joy as she brought all her worldly treasures and laid at His feet who accepts our meaneast gifts, and hears our humblest prayers, especially when offered Him united with that "mystic sweet Communion." And I thought of holy Job, who "rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings, according to the number of them all. Thus did Job continually."

The mystic service seemed to end, the shadowy forms melted into obscurity, the worshippers dispersed, and I knelt on in silence with the angel-guard still around the altar—realizing that virtue from the precious Blood extends far and wide, "for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."

And while I thus pondered over this wondrous revelation, I heard the key turning in the lock and my friends coming to release me—but, following the example of the Blessed Virgin, "I kept all these things and pondered them in my heart."—*The Watchword*.

THE INCREASED WAGE.

[Continued from Page 906.]

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" resounded from the garden. They had forgotten to count the strokes, but Teddy had continued his reckoning.

"Ninety-seben! Ninety-eight," he announced, and then, "Oh! Oh!"—for the hammer had come down in the wrong place. His pink finger hurried to his mouth for consolation and to be sucked again into shape, a ministry to be accomplished between the sobs of pain which shook him.

"Oh, poor little man! How brave he is. Teddy, Teddy darling," she called. Then turning to her husband, "Oh, Theodore, please bring him here. He needs me."

"We both need you," he whispered, as he hurried away.

Ten minutes later, a bewildered Teddy sat upon the edge of his "pretty muvver's" bed. He had been almost smothered with kisses, and his slightly injured hand grasped five bright pennies, while his tear-drenched eyes beheld things quite new and strange, yet happily natural.

"We've all been hammering at the wrong things, Teddy," said his mother, with a rose-flush upon her cheeks which Teddy had never noticed before.

"I want to do it some more!" he said, wriggling down from her embrace. "And may I always have so much pay, Farver?"

And mother, with her face against father's hand, said wistfully, "And may I?"

WHAT WE call "difficulty" is simply the point of view. When we cast away the petty hindrances of life, our horizon widens and the possibilities multiply. Many difficulties are then seen to be mere phantoms which have no real existence.—*W. L. Prizes*.

SANCTUARY.

I kneel before the Sanctuary.
The red-lamp burns above me—faint, and far,
And dim as some pale star that blushes in the twilight.
All is still—the shadows of the upper air
Lie on my soul, I am alone,
Yet not alone, for in my heart
The red-lamp burns, and this I know
Though thrones may totter, seas engulf my soul,
Though all I love, and live for here, and shall—
Though friend, and home, and life, and strength,
And even Hope be torn from me,
Still in the blackness of that utter emptiness, and my despair,
Across the tender, shadowy vault of all the ages
There will fall that single, gentle ray; and find
My heart at peace.
The red-lamp burns!

FRED HARDING STEVENS.

TO HIS UNRECOUNTED DAYS.

"He set His face stedfastly to go to Jerusalem."
If Christ, while sitting at some evening's close,
Had seen a tree-grown cross against the sky,
Would He have started—troubled to descry
That sign arise to steal His sweet repose?
Or, did He shun the beauty of a rose,
Beholding thorns red tipped, that soon would lie
All steeped in blood that dripped, from agony?
Or wince at each frail, mocking reed that grows?

Ah no! Though in each tree and thorn and reed
A portent lurked of shame and pain and death,
He failed not (for the sake of man's great need),
But looked beyond; till with His dying breath
He finished well a perfect monument—
God with us! Christ, our law—our government!
R. C. ERSKINE.

ITHAMAR.

By BEATRICE HARTFORD.

THE sun was setting over the western hills by the city of Jerusalem. In a short while it would be dark. The High Priest was standing on the roof of his palace, watching the changing colors in the distant sky. It was his hour of meditation, and he was thinking of the greatness and the glory of the God of Israel, and His boundless mercy toward His chosen people, in that He had brought them to such honor among the nations under their wise and holy king, in spite of all their sin against Him. His heart was full of grateful love and adoration, and he could but turn kindly toward his little son, Ithamar, who at that moment appeared before him, trembling, yet with earnestness in his pure, young face.

"What is this, my son? Is this the hour when thou canst interrupt thy father in his communion with the Most High?"

"Father, forgive, but it is to ask thee that which much troubles my soul that I am come hither at this hour. I could not tarry, for in a few moments will begin the Great Day of Atonement, and then I may not speak with thee."

A shadow passed over the face of the high priest. This was most extraordinary. Should he command his son to leave his presence as one who had transgressed a law of that strict household, or should he seek to enlighten the anxiety so plainly written on the child's face? For one instant he lifted his eyes to the hills against the glorious evening sky.

"The God of mercy who pardons His erring children, pardon me. What is it, my son?"

The boy was flushed, and his eyes had a brightness that did not come from the dying sun. He clasped his hands tightly over his white robe.

"Father, whither is it that the scapegoat goes, the scapegoat that goes into the wild? Whither, my father, whither?"

It was almost a cry.

A stern and then a frightened look came into the high priest's face. What did this mean? Why should such a thought come into his child's mind? His child, that was so soon to become a son of the Law; his child, to whom was to be given that holy, awful office so near to the dread Jehovah! What did it mean? Had the evil spirits come to him?

"Whither, father, whither?"

"Azazel, my son."

"And where is—?"

The great gong in the Temple sounded. The high priest lifted his hand. The boy Ithamar disappeared. The Great Day of Atonement had begun.

* * * * *

The high priest had slain the bullock, and, "taking a censer filled with live coals from the Altar of Burnt Offering and two

handfuls of incense, had passed with these through the Holy Place, onwards behind the veil into the Holy of Holies, and there had thrown the incense upon the coals so that the fragrant cloud might envelop the Mercy Seat. Then, returning to the Brazen Altar and taking some of the blood of the bullock in a vessel, he once more passed into the Holy of Holies, and sprinkled it seven times before the Mercy Seat, the seat of the glory of Jehovah. Having thus made expiation for himself and his own order, he slew the goat dedicated to Jehovah. When the purification of the Tabernacle was complete, he came forth and laid both hands upon the goat on which the lot for Azazel had fallen, solemnly confessed over it the sins of the people, and then gave it to a man to lead away."* The people divided to let the man pass. He walked quickly with bent head and downcast eyes, and turned toward the valley of Kedron. At the gate of Shushan he was stopped by a voice. Who dared of all the children of Israel to speak to him who was guardian of the scape goat? He lifted his eyes. It was the son of the high priest.

"Jaasiel, whither goest thou?"

Did the demon possess the boy? Jaasiel stared in silence, and then attempted to pass, but the gate was narrow and the goat was restive.

"Dost thou wish to call down upon this people the righteous wrath of the Lord? By His command does this goat bear the iniquity of His people Israel forth into a land not inhabited, a land under the curse of Jehovah."

"May I go with thee, Jaasiel?"

"Nay! And may the Lord forgive thee, and give thee peace."

* * * * *

The tenth of the month of Tisri had come to its close. Within the palace of the high priest there was sorrow and mourning. Ithamar, the only child, was missing. Search had been made from the gate of Shushan, south and north, for Jaasiel had told his story; but no trace was found. On the house-top, under the stars, the high priest was praying:

"Regard the supplication of Thy people Israel, and when Thou hearest, forgive, forgive Thy child!"

Out in the eastern land where the stars shone also, and where the barren land could support only briars and thorns, under an acacia plant crouched a lad in a torn and soiled white robe, and flying hair; his arm clung closely around a young kid that trembled and started at every noise, even in the stillness of the wilderness.

"Jaela! my precious Jaela, and did they put upon thee the burden of their sins, the sins that they should bear themselves, and let thee go into the wild alone, where the wild beasts would tear thee? Oh, Jaela, how can I, how can I?"

Suddenly the boy sat upright.

"Ithamar!"

"Miriam! How camest thou here, and alone?"

"Ithamar, I seek thee. Thy father prayeth in sorrow for thy return. The men seek thee far and near. What doest thou here?"

"Oh, Miriam, the lot fell on Jaela, my precious Jaela—"

"And thou hast dared to stop him! Oh, Ithamar, what hast thou done?"

"It was not just. Jaela had done no sin."

"Hush, Ithamar! The Most High has commanded—Look! oh, look!"

In the eastern sky there flashed a strange, bright light.

"See, Miriam, it is the form of the pole the prophet set up in the wilderness with the serpent of brass!"

"Listen, Ithamar!"

A Voice of penetrating sweetness was speaking through the silence of the night. The two children crept closer together with the trembling goat between them.

"Upon Him shall be laid the iniquity of us all."

"A vision! A vision! Let Jaela go, Ithamar, and the Lord God of Israel will bless thee and thy sacrifice."

"Go, Jaela, go!" said the boy. "The Messiah will understand."

And the goat sped away into the night, toward the cursed land and the wondrous light that blessed.

The children, hand in hand, crept back over the stones and briars to the great, dark city of God's love, and the boy Ithamar and the maid Miriam said only to each other and to none beside:

"The Messiah will come to save."

* For the account of the High Priest's entrance to the Holy of Holies, the author is indebted to Maclear's *Handbook*.

Church Calendar.



Sept. 2—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
 " 9—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 " 16—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 " 19—Wednesday. Ember Day. Fast.
 " 21—Friday. St. Matthew, Evangelist.
 Ember Day. Fast.
 " 22—Saturday. Ember Day. Fast.
 " 23—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 " 29—Saturday. St. Michael and All Angels.
 " 30—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Personal Mention.

THE address of the Rev. H W LAWRENCE is changed from Tompkinsville, N. Y., to 602 W. 125th Street, New York City.

THE address of the Rev. W. J. LEMON is now 216 Wisconsin Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

THE Rev. FLOYD S. LEACH began duty September 1st, as curate of the Chapel of the Messiah, 206 E. 95th Street, New York City, which is now his address.

THE Rev. W. HOWARD MEARS, curate of St. Matthew's Church, New York, has been sent to Europe to spend his vacation by the vestry of St. Matthew's. Mr. Mears will return in October.

THE Rev. F. W. MERRILL, missionary at Oneida, Wis., suffered a severe nervous collapse on September 3d, and is now recuperating at St. Mary's Sanitarium, Fond du Lac, Wis.

THE Rev. C. HELY MOLONY of St. Ann's Church, New Martinsville, W. Va., has accepted a call to Grace Church, Toledo, Ohio.

AFTER a rectorship of almost twelve years, the Rev. HARRY W. PERKINS has resigned from Christ Church, Burlington, Iowa, and has accepted a call to the Church of the Redeemer, Chestnut Hill, Mass., to take effect October 15th.

THE Rev. JOHN G. ROBINSON has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. James' Memorial Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., and entered upon his duties there September 9th.

THE address of the Rev. RICHARD WHITEHOUSE is changed from La Junta, Colo., to 130 Loucks Street, Sheridan, Wyo.

THE address of the Rev. GEORGE BUCK, after September 18th, will be Guilford, Conn., where he is to be rector of St. John's Church, North Guilford.

THE Rev. W. N. HAWKINS of Christ Church, Punksutawney, Pa., has been transferred by the Bishop to St. Laurence's Church, Osceola Mills, and Holy Trinity, Houtzdale, Pa., and will assume charge October 1st.

THE address of the Rev. HARVEY KERSTETTER is changed from 1091 4th Avenue, Detroit, Mich., to Brighton, Mich.

THE Rev. SCOTT KIDDER has resigned the rectorship of St. Alban's Church, Danielson, Conn., and accepted an appointment as assistant rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Kidder will enter upon his duties in October.

ORDINATIONS.

PRIESTS.

MINNESOTA.—On Saturday, September 15th, in All Saints' Church, Northfield, the Bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Samuel C. Edsall, D.D., advanced to the priesthood the Rev. SIMEON MILLS HAYES, deacon-in-charge of 'All Saints', Northfield. The candidate was presented by the Rev. G. H. Davis, D.D., warden of the Seabury Divinity School, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. C. L. Slattery, Dean of the Cathedral, Faribault.

DEACONS.

MILWAUKEE.—At All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee, by the Bishop Coadjutor, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wm. Walter Webb, on Friday, September 14th, feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Messrs. WILLIAM CHESTER KIRK of the senior class of Nashotah House, and ALFRED JOHN RIDGEWAY GOLDSMITH of St. John's Church, Sparta, Wis., were made deacons. The sermon

was preached by the Rev. John White, rector of Delavan, late missionary at Cape Nome, Alaska. The candidates were presented by the Rev. Elton C. Healy of Nashotah House, and the Rev. Canon Wright of the Cathedral, who acted as master of ceremonies and chaplain to the Bishop.

The Rev. Mr. Kirk continues his senior studies at Nashotah House and is also deacon-in-charge of St. John the Divine, Burlington. The Rev. Mr. Goldsmith resides in Sparta and becomes deacon-in-charge of St. John's Church, in that city.

DIED.

WHARTON.—Entered into rest, September 3, 1906, from his home in Moylan, Pa., GEORGE W. WHARTON, aged 72.

Thus passed from earth one whose unsullied character, implicit faith, and purity of life gained for him, while here, the unqualified respect of his fellow-men, and fitted him, on being called hence, to enter on the portion of the just in Paradise. He was a man whom to know was to love. His memory needs no laurel of human wreathing. But the heart finds satisfaction in speaking of those "whom we have loved long since, and lost awhile," and recording how and why we loved them.

George Wharton was one whose gentle, unostentatious ways, coupled with a faithful pursuance of duty, placed him amongst those of whom it may be said with peculiar appropriateness, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Tenderly solicitous as a husband and father, loyal and generous as a Churchman, of unswerving rectitude in mercantile life, courteous and cordial in social relations and scrupulous to follow the dictates of conscience in everything which he undertook, he has left behind a record gratefully valued.

His last illness, which was of some continuance and painful in the extreme, he knew to be mortal. He accepted it as his cross. That cross he bore with uncomplaining fortitude until the last, when the Master bade him lay it down and be at rest. And in the stillness of the night hours, in the home he loved so well, the final respite came, "and he was not, for God took him."

In one of Philadelphia's hillside reservations for the dead, while the lengthening shadows of a tranquil autumn afternoon lay round about on tombstone and mound, gracefully picturing the close of life's day, his body was lowered to the embrace of mother earth. As there rose upon the air the sweet strains of one of his favorite hymns:

*"Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs
 are swelling,"*

and mingled with the priceless consolation of the Church's service, there seemed almost to be heard again the "voice from heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." It was a fitting end of a tried but true life. Grant him, O Lord, eternal peace, and let light perpetual shine upon him!

FAHNESTOCK.—At Watertown, S. D., on Wednesday at eventide, ELIZABETH, youngest daughter of Henry J. and Olive (Simmons) FAHNESTOCK, in her fourth year.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;

Bless Thy little lamb, to-night;

Through the darkness be Thou near me,

Keep me safe till morning light."

LEE.—Died in Pensacola, Fla., September 7, 1906, Captain W. F. LEE, for many years a faithful communicant of Christ Church parish.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF MR. HARMON B. GOODRIDGE.

"The rector, warden, and vestrymen of the Church of the Holy Communion of Paterson, N. J., desire to record their sense of the loss sustained by this parish in the death of its late senior warden, MR. HARMON B. GOODRIDGE, on September 5th, 1906. For the forty years since the organization of this parish, Mr. Goodridge had been continuously a member of its official body. He was one of the original members of this parish when it was begun in 1866, and at its first Easter-tide election, in 1867, he was chosen a vestryman. Reflected annually to that position until 1884, he was then made junior warden, serving in that capacity until 1887, when he was elected senior warden and held that position for the nineteen years to his demise. In his relations to the Church, as in every walk of life, Mr. Goodridge was faithful, helpful,

honorable, and pure. His wise counsel and his ever genial and courteous ways will be missed by this corporation as a body and as individuals. While extending sympathy to the bereaved, we rejoice with them in the good example of his Christian life, for which we give thanks while we pray that his soul may rest in peace."

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Death Notices are inserted free. Memorial matter, 2 cts. per word. Marriage Notices, \$1.00 each. Classified advertisements, wants, business notices, etc., 2 cts. per word.

Persons desiring high-class employment or high-class employees; clergymen in search of suitable work and parishes desiring suitable rectors, choirmasters, etc.; persons having high-class goods to sell or exchange, or desiring to buy or sell ecclesiastical goods to best advantage—will find much assistance by inserting such notices.

Address: THE LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

WANTED.

POSITIONS WANTED.

YOUNG LADY, teacher of Singing, Piano, Harmony, etc., desires position in ladies' college or seminary. Has studied above subjects under Professor Christopher Thornton, Winona, Minn., to whom reference may be made. High references from present public school position. Address: "VOCALISTE," LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee.

MOTHER'S HELPER OR GOVERNESS for children. Refined woman with executive ability. Experience; highest references. Address: M. A. W., LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee.

BY A CHURCHWOMAN of good birth and education, a position as companion to elderly person, or invalid; or as housekeeper in a family of grown-up children. Competent to take complete charge of household. Best of references furnished by clergymen. Address: Box 99, Port Hope, Canada.

RECTOR will be open for engagement, December 1st. Desires to correspond with vestry in East or Middle West with view to a call. Experienced and aggressive worker; sound Churchman. Highest references and testimonials furnished as to ability both as pastor and preacher. Address: "PRESBYTER," care LIVING CHURCH.

CLERGYMAN'S SISTER, widow, age thirty-eight, with girl of four, desires position. Is well connected, educated, refined. Good musician, housekeeper, seamstress. References exchanged. Address: Mrs. W. M., care LIVING CHURCH.

POSITIONS OFFERED.

ASSISTANT WANTED. Fine opportunity for Priest who is unmarried and sound in Churchmanship. Ability to train choir indispensable. Address: Rev. ALFRED BRITAIN, Batavia, N. Y.

WANTED—A NURSE—White woman to nurse boy infant. English Churchwoman preferred. Faithful service wanted. Kind treatment assured. Family reside New Orleans, Louisiana. Expenses to New Orleans paid. Apply and send recommendations to "NEW ORLEANS," care LIVING CHURCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

CHURCHMAN, Organist and Choirmaster, salary \$60 per month; one-year contract. Address: SECRETARY, St. John's Church, Wichita, Kansas.

PRIEST, CATHOLIC-MINDED, to take charge for six weeks, beginning All Saints' day. Rector, St. Paul's parish, Steubenville, Ohio.

LADY temporarily residing in Point Pleasant, wishes Catholic-minded mother's helper. Sewing desired. Address: Box 265, Point Pleasant, New Jersey.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE CHEAP, at St. John's Church, a two-manual organ and pedals; bellows new. Also a reed organ. Enquire at 289 Hanover Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

CHURCH BELL FOR SALE. Meneely's make, 1400 pounds. Worth, new, \$500. Will be sold for \$200, purchaser to pay cost of shipping. Address: B. S. GILBERT, Clayville, N. Y.

UNLEAVENED BREAD.

THE SISTERS OF ST. MARY are prepared to furnish a pure, unleavened bread for the Holy Eucharist, round, with various designs, and square, prepared for fracture. Samples sent on application. **PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.**

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PIPE ORGANS.—If the purchase of an organ is contemplated, address HENRY PILCHER'S SONS, Louisville, Ky., who manufacture the highest grade at reasonable prices.

ORGANS.—If you require an organ for church, school, or home, write to HINNERS ORGAN COMPANY, PEKIN, ILLINOIS, who build Pipe Organs and Reed Organs of highest grade and sell direct from factory, saving you agent's profit.

ERBEN ORGAN FOR SALE.

THE VESTRY, intending to purchase a new and larger organ for St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., offers for sale their present three-manual Organ, containing thirty speaking stops, etc. For further particulars address: WM. C. BENTLEY, Chairman of Committee, Box 285, Richmond, Va.

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APPEALS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH, QUINCY, ILL.

St. Stephen's parish, the youngest in the diocese of Quincy, the third in the city, the second established by Father Jeffords in Peoria since 1889, is located in the midst of 45,000 laboring people, in a field as important as any missionary district, hereby appeals to the general public for assistance to build St. Stephen's church and rectory. It is estimated that the buildings will cost \$50,000. Subscriptions for this important Church work are earnestly solicited, will be gratefully acknowledged, and may be sent to Home Savings and State Bank, Peoria, Illinois; Illinois National Bank, Peoria, Illinois; or to the rector, Rev. Father Sydney G. Jeffords, 705 Howett Street, Peoria, Illinois.

The Bishop of Quincy writes as follows:

"St. Stephen's parish is situated in the southern part of the city of Peoria, among the laboring people of limited means. The work thus far done shows that the people are appreciative and respond to the call of the Church. Worship is held in a parish hall, the first of three contemplated buildings to have been erected. It is doubtless true that the conditions of the community necessitate an attractive church building, and that in such a building much more could be accomplished. Such are the means of the people of the parish, however, that it is necessary to appeal to well-to-do and benevolent people to secure the necessary funds. St. Stephen's is one of those parishes that will pay large returns in results for any money expended therein, and with the needed buildings, might easily become a large and thriving parish. The Rev. Father Jeffords has faithfully canvassed in Peoria for funds, having over 1,400 subscribers, who represent every shade of religious and of non-religious thought, thus showing that an appeal is not made to those without the city, the city itself not having been canvassed,

and showing also the interest which is felt in St. Stephen's parish.

"M. EDWARD FAWCETT."

Father Jeffords completed 17 years of Church work in Peoria, August 31st, 1906. By his efforts he has built two stone churches, one stone rectory, and the first of the three contemplated brick buildings in St. Stephen's parish, the parish hall. He is endorsed by the Bishop of Quincy, the Bishop of Springfield, six Peoria papers, and Peoria's most eminent, distinguished, and illustrious citizens.

IN BEHALF OF ASCENSION CHURCH, ATLANTIC CITY.

A double anniversary in this church, God willing, on Sunday, September 30, 1906, will complete for me 25 years in the priesthood, and 15 years of labor in this parish.

Engaged in blessed but anxious ministrations to constantly changing congregations representing at least 5,000 families annually, I feel it my privilege to ask that there be raised at this anniversary time, a needed anniversary fund of \$10,000 (including all recent special offerings) for cancelling all floating indebtedness, and for completing the slowly growing parish hall fund.

Each very limited offering from a very limited income will confer a real blessing, while it is anxiously remembered, as characteristic of the due growth of every fund, that at least one-half of a fund must be made up by contributions much larger than the average.

Contributions may be sent through Bishop Scarborough, Trenton, N. J., or to James P. Wilson, treasurer, Ascension Church, Atlantic City, or to myself.

JOHN HARDENBROOK TOWNSEND, Rector.

WHO WILL PAY?

We have in Jubilee College, a bright boy, the son of a missionary in the West. The father is not able to meet even our small charges. We would gladly keep the child, but we have no funds for scholarships. We appeal to the kindly disposed to give this worthy lad his education. Two hundred dollars will carry him through the year. Checks sent to Rev. W. H. Moore, Jubilee College, Oak Hill, Ill., will be gratefully acknowledged.

MUCH IN NEED OF AN EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BASIC CITY, VA.

We are very much in need of an Episcopal Church in Basic City, Virginia. We own the lots, but lack funds for our church building. Please send us twenty-five cents for this purpose. If so, you will receive your reward and the thanks of our little flock. Remit to W. H. PAGE, Secretary and Treasurer, Basic City, Virginia. Reference, the Bishop of Southern Virginia.

NOTICE.

\$75,000

Invested at 4% will provide permanently for the stipend of one of the 27 Missionary Bishops of the Church.

THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

as the Church's agent now holds general and special Trust Funds amounting to \$1,920,872.

It has never lost a dollar of its invested funds.

The report of the Trust Fund Committee can be had for the asking.

Write to the Rev. A. S. LLOYD, D.D.,

General Secretary,

281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

GEORGE C. THOMAS, Treasurer.

LEGAL TITLE FOR USE IN MAKING WILLS:

"THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO. New York.

Moon-Face and Other Stories. By Jack London, author of *The Call of the Wild*, *People of the Abyss*, etc., etc. Price, \$1.50.

COLLEGE OF FREEDOM. Woodlawn, Ill.

Healing Currents from the Battery of Life. Teaching the Doctrines of the Positive and Negative Mind of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Mediator between the two states of Being; revealing how the Truth awakens the Soul to its natural inheritance as an immortal co-worker with

God, giving it dominion over sin, sickness, poverty, and death. By Walter De Voe.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO. Boston.

Blind Alleys. A Novel of Nowadays. By George Cary Eggleston, author of *A Carolina Cavalier*, *Dorothy South*, etc. Illustrated by E. Pollak. Price, \$1.50.

Hearts and the Cross. By Harold Morton Kramer. Illustrated by Harold Matthews Brett. Price, \$1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. Boston.

American Hero Stories. By Eva March Tappan, Ph.D., formerly of the English Department, English High School, Worcester, Mass., author of *England's Story*, *Our Country's Story*, etc. Price, \$1.00.

A Borrowed Sister. By Eliza Orne White. With illustrations by Katharine Pyle. Price, 1.00.

The Man in the Case. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated by Henry J. Peck. Price, \$1.50.

SKEFFINGTON & SON. London.

Toll Marsh. By Poynton Stranger. With a Preface by His Grace, the Duke of Newcastle.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO. New York.

C. H. Spurgeon's Prayers. Price, 75 cents net.

Studies in Early Church History. By Henry T. Sell, D.D., author of *Supplemental Bible Studies*, *Bible Study by Books*, etc. Price, 50 cents net.

The Philosophy of Christian Experience. By Henry W. Clark, author of *Meanings and Methods of the Spiritual Life*, etc. With an Appreciation by Marcus Dods, D.D. Price, \$1.25 net.

PAMPHLETS.

The Apostolic Succession. This Reprint for sale by Rev. R. J. Belt, 131 South Second St., Springfield, Ill. Price 2 cents each; \$1.00 per 100.

The International Committee Young Men's Christian Association Educational Department. *Information, Statistics, and Suggestions.* Annual Report for 1906. New York.

A Good Steward of the Manifold Grace of God. The sermon Preached at the Requiem Eucharist celebrated May 26, A.D. 1906, in St. Stephen's Church, Providence, R. I. For the Soul of the Rev. James Windsor Colwell, A.M., sometime rector (April 22, 1878, to September 1, 1884). By the Rev. George McClellan Fliske, D.D., rector.

Facts Affirmed by the Creed. By the Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, D.D., Bishop of Vermont. Edwin S. Gorham, Publisher. Price, 10 cents each, or 5 cents in numbers of 25.

To Canaan in One Year, with Map of Route. By W. S. Auchincloss, C.E., author of the *Book of Daniel Unlocked*, etc. D. Van Nostrand Co., New York.

Bible Chronology from Abraham to the Christian Era. By W. S. Auchincloss, C.E., author of *Christian Era*, etc.

Christian Era. An Extract from *The Book of Daniel Unlocked*. By W. S. Auchincloss, C.E.

How to Read Josephus. By W. S. Auchincloss, C.E. D. Van Nostrand Co., New York.

Report of the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration. 1906. Report by Miss Lillian D. Powers. Published by the Lake Mohonk Conference.

The Law of Proportion. The Sixth Triennial Charge of the Rt. Rev. Leighton Coleman, S.C.D., LL.D., to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Delaware. Delivered at the 120th Annual Convention of the Diocese, in Christ Church, Dover, June 6th, A.D. 1906. Published by a Rule of the Convention.

Journal of the Eighteenth Session of the Synod of the Diocese of Qu'Appelle. June 13th and 14th, 1906. Together with the Charge of the Bishop, and an Appendix, Containing Reports of the Committees, Tables of Finance, Tabulated Statistics and Amendments of Canons.

Unity. Published by the Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo.

THE CHURCH AT WORK

ORDER TAKEN FOR THE CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP-ELECT OF OREGON.

THE PRESIDING BISHOP has taken order for the consecration of the Rev. Charles Scadding, Bishop-elect of Oregon, as follows: Place—Emmanuel Church, La Grange, Ill.

Time—Festival of St. Michael and All Angels, Saturday, September 29, 1906.

Consecrators—The Presiding Bishop, the Bishop of New York, and the Bishop of Ohio.

Presenters—The Bishop of Springfield and the Bishop of Pittsburgh.

Preacher—The Bishop of Chicago.

Attending Presbyters—The Rev. Frank Du Moulin, D.D., and the Rev. P. K. Hammond.

DANIEL S. TUTTLE,
Presiding Bishop.

ARCHBISHOP BOND'S NINETY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

MANY CONGRATULATIONS were received by Archbishop Bond, Primate of All Canada, on the occasion of his ninety-first birthday, September 10th. Many people called at his house to visit and congratulate him, and he was able to be at home to all. A delegation of the clergy of Montreal, headed by the Bishop Coadjutor, Canon Elligood, and Archdeacon Norton, waited on the Archbishop and presented him with an address congratulating him on his birthday and assuring him of their continued loyalty, esteem, and devotion. Archbishop Bond's health is much improved and he was able to attend morning service in the Cathedral, Sept. 9th. He warmly thanked the clerical deputation for their expressions of good will.

AN ITEM ABOUT A WILL.

ONE of the most interesting wills ever devised hereabouts is that of Mr. George W. Harris, a layman and communicant of St. Peter's Church at Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston. Mr. Harris was 78 years of age and to every denomination in the district he left sums of money for charitable purposes as a memorial principally to his father, who was a practising physician in the district for upwards of fifty years, "and in that long-continued practise he became an intimate visitor in many families and a close friend to many." St. Peter's Church gets \$5,000, to be applied to the support of the parish and the salary of the rector, a sufficient sum to be applied out of the income accruing the first year to placing in the church a tablet with the inscription: "In memory of George W. Harris, 1828." The parish also gets another \$5,000 in memory of Lydia M. and Ella M. Harris, this sum to be applied toward discharging the mortgage on the church and a tablet shall be placed in the church with this inscription: "In memory of Lydia M. and Ella M. Harris, who left the funds by which the mortgage upon this church was removed. They went about doing good." After all the legacies, public and private, have been paid, it is directed that the rest and residue of the estate go to St. Peter's Church.

St. John's Church also gets \$5,000, out of which a sum shall be applied out of the income of the first year to placing in the church a tablet with this inscription: "In memory of Dr. Luther Metcalf Harris, for fifty years a physician of this place and kind to the poor, 1789-1865; and of his wife Lucy Dutton Mann, 1795-1875, in whose names a fund was left for the support of the church."

One of the particularly interesting things about the generous donor is that for many

years he was a member of the Unitarian faith and was organist in the local church of that denomination. Retiring from that position he gradually became interested in the ritual of the Episcopal Church, partly through intimate association with the rectors of St. John's and St. Peter's, both of whom were his near neighbors. For the last ten years he was one of the most constant worshippers at St. Peter's.

CALIFORNIA.

WM. F. NICHOLS, D.D., Bishop.

Memorial Service for Rev. E. B. Church and wife—The Woman's Auxiliary—Temporary Diocesan House.

A MOST impressive service was held at Irving Institute for girls, on the morning of September 7th, in memory of the founders of that institution of learning, the Rev. Edward Bentley Church and his wife, recently deceased. The Rev. Mr. Church was called to his rest, after years of ill health, on August 26, 1904, since which time his devoted wife has been in a precarious state of health until a sudden attack of pleurisy brought her earthly life to a close on August 30th of the present year. The memorial service was conducted by the Rev. Messrs. D. O. Kelley, W. A. Brewer, L. C. Sanford, Ernest Bradley, and C. M. Marrack; and was attended by many graduates and friends of the school, in addition to the present members of the school now in session under the principalship of Mrs. George H. Kellogg.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY of this diocese held a general meeting at the Bishop's House on September 5th, the first general meeting since the earthquake and fire destroyed so many homes and scattered the members of the Auxiliary. A goodly number were present, in spite of the inconvenience caused by the strike of the men connected with the street-car lines. The Bishop gave cordial greeting to the Auxiliary, and expressed his pleasure in having the new Bishop's house, a centre for the works that had been so suddenly deprived of their customary meeting place. After the work for the immediate future had been clearly defined, the Rev. E. L. Parsons addressed the meeting. As a member of the committee appointed by the Board of Missions to raise funds for the rehabilitation of the churches in San Francisco, Mr. Parsons told of the experience of the committee and of their various methods in reaching the ears of Eastern Church people. The Rev. Frank Stone, chaplain of the Seamen's Institute, which was reduced to ashes in the great conflagration, was present and invoked the interest of the women in his plans for future work among the sailors who visit this port in large numbers. The plans are for a much larger and more comprehensive work than that of the past. A lot in a more suitable locality has been purchased, on which it is proposed to erect a building which will have on its first floor a good restaurant, a large social hall, and a chapel. On the upper floor will be the living rooms of the chaplain, fifty bedrooms, a reading room, and a writing room—with a sitting room for the men and another for the officers of the vessels in port.

The altar supplied each year from the altar fund of the Woman's Auxiliary to some mission, has this year been given to the chaplain for the new chapel. The offering of the meeting was also given for a new service book for the altar.

The work of the Auxiliary for some time to come will be devoted to replacing altar

linen and vestments for the churches which lost all in the great fire.

A TEMPORARY diocesan house will soon be built on the old site, so that the offices for the Bishop, the Archdeacon, the secretary of the diocese, the *Pacific Churchman*, and the various organizations may again be under one roof.

CHICAGO.

CHAS. P. ANDERSON, D.D., Bishop.

Death of Mrs. Forman.

MRS. CAROLINE CLARKE FORMAN, widow of the late Edward Forman and one of the most active workers of Trinity Church, Chicago, died suddenly at her residence in Chicago on September 14th. She was president of the Ladies' Aid Society, Trinity Church, and was active in aiding the charitable institutions in Chicago. Mrs. Forman was 64 years of age and was the only surviving member of the family of Henry B. Clark, one of the earliest settlers in Chicago.

COLORADO.

CHARLES S. OLMSTED, D.D., Bishop.

Work at St. Luke's, Montclair—Gift to Grace Church, Colorado Springs—Cornerstone Laid—Death of Rev. Mr. Vale—Other Items.

THE REV. MR. CHRISTMAN since taking charge of St. Luke's, Montclair, has made a house to house canvass, resulting in great good for the parish. Several new families were found and many additions made to the Sunday School.

AT GRACE CHURCH, Colorado Springs (Rev. H. R. Remsen) a pair of brass candlesticks have been given in memory of the printers who have died at the Printers' Home and buried from Grace Church. They are of colonial design and add to the appearance of the altar by their beauty and height.

THE CORNER-STONE of Christ Church, Castle Rock (Rev. Jas. McLaughlin, priest-in-charge), was laid Aug. 11. In the absence of the Bishop the stone was laid by the Archdeacon, the Ven. T. A. Schofield, assisted by the Rev. Jas. McLaughlin. The church will be built of native gray granite, and will be 40 feet long by 25 feet wide, in a modified Gothic style. The general effect will be rugged simplicity combined with strength and permanence. The missions at Castle Rock, West Plum Creek, and Littleton, all under the Rev. Jas. McLaughlin, are in a most flourishing condition.

THE REV. W. E. WARREN of Jacksonville, Fla., has been placed in charge of Emmanuel, Denver.

THE REV. A. L. HAZLETT has been offered the Archdeaconship of Western Nevada. Mr. Hazlett has resigned St. Paul's, Denver, and accepted the position and will begin work in October.

ON AUGUST 26TH the Rev. Herbert Howlett Vale entered into rest eternal, after four days of intense suffering from tubercular peritonitis. Mr. Vale came from Australia in 1905 and was appointed to the care of Calvary Church, Idaho Springs. He was born in Australia in 1857. In 1886 he went to England to study for the priesthood. He graduated from Durham University and was ordained by the late Bishop of Worcester in Worcester Cathedral in 1890. Shortly after he returned to Australia. Mr. Vale leaves a widow and two children.

BISHOP OLMSTED and the Rev. Frederic Carman have returned from the State of Washington, where they spent the summer.

THE REV. A. N. TAFT has returned from his vacation in New York.

WOLFE HALL, the diocesan school for girls, has opened with an increased number of boarding pupils. Some additions have been made to the teaching staff.

A NEW ALTAR BOOK has been blessed at the Church of the Ascension, Pueblo (Rev. G. A. C. Lehman, rector). The Book was given by Mrs. Nathaniel Kearney in memory of her husband.

CONNECTICUT.

C. B. BREWSTER, D.D., Bishop.

Death of Mrs. Taylor—Improvements at St. John's, Bridgeport—The Russian Church Purchases Property—The Putnam Association.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. BALDWIN, widow of the Rev. Oliver S. Taylor of Kittanning, Pa., died recently at her home at Hartford. Mrs. Taylor was the daughter of George and Abbey Baldwin of Bridgeport. She is survived by two daughters and one son.

AT ST. JOHN'S Bridgeport (the Rev. William H. Lewis, D.D., rector), extensive changes and improvements are being made upon the organ. Already a fine instrument, it is said that its capacity and value will be greatly increased when all is complete.

AT ANSONIA the parish of the Russian Orthodox Church has purchased a valuable property for a parochial residence. It is stated that the priest designs the foundation of a colony of his own people in the vicinity of the rectory.

AT BROOKLYN, a group of descendants of Colonel Daniel Putnam have organized the "Colonel Daniel Putnam Association." Colonel Putnam was a zealous Churchman of the long ago, in old Trinity parish. He was one of the committee appointed to inform Dr. Brownell of his election to the episcopate of the diocese, in 1819. The president of the Association is the Rev. George Israel Brown of Harrisburg, Pa.

FOND DU LAC.

CHAS. C. GRAFTON, D.D., Bishop.
R. H. WELLER, JR., D.D., Bp. Coadj.

Retreat for Clergy—Illness of a Missionary—Attendance at Grafton Hall—Other Diocesan Notes.

IN CONTINUANCE of a custom now established, the annual diocesan retreat for clergy was held at St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac, September 10th to 14th. In addition to the diocesan clergy, there were some present from neighboring dioceses. The retreat was conducted by Bishop Weller, whose meditations were very searching and helpful. Each day of the retreat there was a *Missa Cantata* with incense and choral Evensong, besides the little hours and matins.

The previous week, a retreat for women was held by the Sisters of the Holy Nativity at their convent in Fond du Lac. This was conducted by Dr. Barry, Dean of Nashotah House. The place proved to be admirably adapted to the purposes of a retreat.

THE REV. F. W. MERRILL, missionary to the Oneida Indians, has just passed through the critical stage of a serious illness. During a long period of unconsciousness his life was despaired of.

THE FIRST NUMBER of a new diocesan paper, to be issued six times a year, has just made its appearance, under the title *The Diocese of Fond du Lac*. It is edited by Bishop Weller, and published in Fond du Lac.

THE INDICATIONS are that there will be a larger attendance this coming year at Grafton Hall than in any year of its history.

THERE are at present twelve candidates for holy orders in the diocese. This is an unprecedented number.

THE BISHOP of the diocese has gone East to solemnize the marriage of Miss Mary Fay and Dr. Burke, which will take place at Deal Beach, N. J., September 19th. Miss Fay is the sister of the Ven. S. W. Fay, Jr., Archdeacon of Fond du Lac.

MR. EDMUND DELANY, the father of the Rev. S. P. Delany, rector of All Saints' Church, Appleton, died, September 11th, after being a helpless invalid for five years. He was buried from St. Paul's Cathedral, Bishop Weller officiating. The clergy who were present at the retreat formed the choir at the burial service.

KENTUCKY.

CHAS. EL. WOODCOCK, D.D., Bishop.

Resignation of Rev. Mr. Lonberg—Rector of Grace Church Paducah, returns—New Rectory at Elizabethtown—St. Mark's, Louisville, soon to be Reopened.

TO THE GREAT REGRET of his parishioners and of the whole diocese, the Rev. C. F. C. Lonberg has resigned the charge of the Church of the Epiphany, Louisville. Mr. Lonberg had been very successful in his work and had won many devoted friends, but ill health compelled him to go to Colorado, in which genial climate he has regained his strength, but his doctors forbid his return to Kentucky.

THE REV. D. C. WRIGHT, rector of Grace Church, Paducah, has returned to his parish in perfect health, to the great joy of his people. Mr. Wright had been eminently successful in uniting his congregation and inspiring them with activity and hope, but apparently at the cost of his own health, and he seemed to be threatened with nervous prostration. A trip to the Northwest improved his condition, and skillful physicians discovered and removed the cause of his trouble, so that he returns to his work with renewed vigor and the prospect of many years of usefulness.

A NEW RECTORY is approaching completion in Elizabethtown, and will probably be ready for occupancy in October. Though not one of the largest it will be one of the most convenient and attractive in the diocese, situated in ample and beautiful grounds.

THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, October 14th, has been appointed for the opening of the enlarged, and practically new, St. Mark's Church, Louisville (Rev. R. Q. McCready, rector).

LARAMIE.

A. R. GRAVES, D.D., LL.D., Miss. Bp.

The Needs of St. Luke's, Kearney—Military Academy Opened.

THE PARISH of St. Luke's, Kearney, Neb., is confronted with a great opportunity and also a serious problem. Last year a State Normal School was opened here, with 500 students, this year 1,100 are expected. The Military Academy, a Church school for boys, is also located here. During the hottest part of the summer, with all the schools and institutions closed, the church building was full. The parish needs a new and large church building to accommodate the growing congregation and to meet the needs of an increasing population. The resources of the parish have just been drawn upon by the raising of the \$25,000 to make good the conditional gift of a similar amount by Mrs. Cochran of Yonkers, New York. The need of a new and suitable church building is imperative, or the work and influence of the Church will

suffer greatly. Archdeacon Cope is now rector of the parish, assisted by a candidate for holy orders, the Archdeacon giving three-fourths of his time to the parish and one-fourth to special work in the jurisdiction.

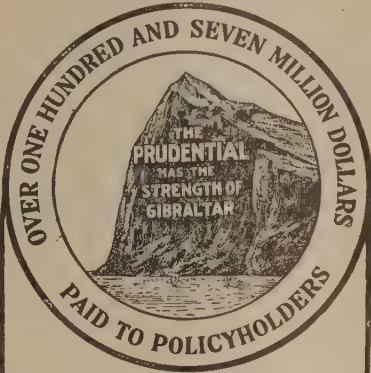
THE KEARNEY Military Academy opened its fifteenth year on September 12th, with 84 boys. The headmaster, Mr. Harry Russell, has given a tone to the school, which is being felt throughout the district and adjoining states. Many boys could not be received through lack of room. This will be remedied when the beautiful new building is completed.

LOS ANGELES.

JOS. H. JOHNSON, D.D., Bishop.

Work Among the Japanese—A New Mission—Work at the Pro-Cathedral.

ACTIVE WORK among the Japanese of Los Angeles is about to be inaugurated by Miss Patterson, a former missionary to Japan, but more recently engaged in the work in San



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Francisco. Of wide experience and full of the purpose of her mission, she is an important addition to the force of lay workers of the diocese. The new mission will be located near the Pro-Cathedral and will be conducted under the direct supervision of the Bishop.

THE NEW mission of St. Matthias, located in the prosperous West Adams district is about to be opened for regular services. The Rev. Henderson Judd, the Bishop's chaplain, has celebrated the Holy Communion, at this place every Sunday for weeks past. The mission will be placed in charge of the Rev. Alfred Smith, recently ordained to the priesthood.

THE REV. LAWRENCE E. IDLEMAN, recently called to assist Dean Wilkins at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, entered upon the duties of the office of curate the first of the month. Mr. Idleman comes from a successful pastorate at Oxnard and Hueneme. Young, capable, and energetic, he will be of great value to the busy parish of St. Paul's.

THE BISHOP of the diocese made his first visitation to the little church at La Jolla Beach on a recent Sunday, holding services in a house proffered for this and like occasions by Miss Ellen Scripps. The day following he visited the inland Indian mission of La Jolla, finding the work in satisfactory condition. Miss Miller, who has had the work in charge, is about to leave, and she will be succeeded by Miss Wiswell, of White Earth Reservation, Minnesota, a woman devoted to the Indians and their interests. At Mesa Grande, Mrs. Brunson is successfully encouraging native industries by teaching the women lace and basket making and drawn work.

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY after Trinity was notable for the re-opening of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, which had been closed for repairs for two months past. The interior of this historic church, the mother of the Protestant churches of Southern California, had grown grey and dingy by reason of active service and the passing of the years. All has been made fresh and beautiful by re-decoration of walls and re-finishing wood-work, the erection of new baptistery and choir stalls, the installing of electric lights, the elevation and partial re-building of the organ and the laying of new carpets, the entire improvement costing about \$5,000.

At morning service, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Johnson, Bishop of the diocese, preached to a congregation which crowded the large edifice to the doors. Taking for his text the words, "Launch out into the deep," he spoke with great force and feeling of the mighty power of an established ideal, of the sublime faith which enables men in the face of opposition and venomous criticism to live and die like sons of God, and of the all-conquering courage, enthusiasm, and devotion which bring the world to Christ. He took occasion to pay tribute to the dean and rector of the Pro-Cathedral parish, the Rev. J. J. Wilkins, D.D., saying that he felt that he should publicly recognize the fact that the significant position held to-day by the parish of St. Paul's was mainly due to his courage and determination, who from the moment he became its rector, set at work the agencies that give it the foremost place among the Church organizations of to-day. He stated that by its contributions, St. Paul's was the peer of any parish in the diocese, meeting promptly a heavy current expense and in addition, leading all other parishes in contributions to the general work of the Church. Quoting from a recent issue of a Church paper, he said that this diocese had contributed more per capita for Church purposes than any other diocese, therefore it followed that the Pro-Cathedral parish of St. Paul's stands at the very head of the parishes of the United States. The Bishop called attention to the

remarkable career of St. Paul's since Dr. Wilkins assumed its charge some five years ago. From a very small beginning it now numbers over eight hundred communicants, and the rector has drawn about him a congregation which loves and trusts him. Located in the down-town district this is the Church home for the thousands of strangers who annually visit the city, and in addition to ministering to these, the parish carries forward active evangelical enterprises, cares for the sick and needy, promotes missions at home and abroad, and fosters and cares for its own people. By the strength and eloquence of his sermons and the adoption of a wise and conservative course, the rector has, under a blessing, made this a church which not only attracts, but one which is respected and loved.

Throughout the summer, services were held in the Guild Hall of the parish house three times on every Sunday, Dr. Wilkins taking no vacation during the heated term. These services were remarkable for good attendance and for the interest manifested, thus demonstrating the importance of the open church throughout the year.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WM. LAWRENCE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.
New Parish.

A NEW PARISH is in process of formation at Cohituate, which lies adjacent to Natick, and services are being held each Sunday in one of the halls. The Rev. Mr. Papineau of Maynard officiated on September 16th.

MICHIGAN.

CHARLES D. WILLIAMS, D.D., Bishop.
Notes from the Diocese.

THE REV. C. L. RAMSAY of St. John's Church, Alma, has resigned his charge, holding his last service there as rector Sunday night, September 2nd. In honor of Mr. Ramsay, the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist congregations gave up their services to unite in the farewell. The Rev. Carl Ziegler of St. Louis was also present in the church, assisting Mr. Ramsay. Mr. Ramsay took charge of the church in Alma in May 1906. Before his ordination he had been a member of St. James' Church, Detroit. His purpose in resigning his work is to take a two-years' course at the General Theological Seminary. Mr. Ramsay has gained a wide circle of friends

WELL PEOPLE TOO

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This book, with its exceedingly interesting history of the rise, development, and progress of Sunday Schools in the American Church, is a veritable storehouse of facts touching the development of the Sunday School in the Church. It is not commonly known that as Mr. Michael shows, the introduction of the Sunday School system in America was almost wholly the work of the Church, and that the American Sunday School Union was directly the child of the Episcopal Church. Rev. Dr. Hodges, writing of it, says, "This book tells me a hundred things about our Sunday Schools I have never heard before. It has done a substantial service in bringing together these things into this uncommonly interesting and suggestive history of the Sunday School movement in our country, and especially within our own Church." We strongly advise Brotherhood men, especially those connected in any way with Sunday School work, to read this book carefully, as it is a perfect mine of information which can be obtained nowhere else.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

* *The Sunday School in the Development of the American Church.* By Rev. Oscar S. Michael, rector of old St. John's Church, Philadelphia. 5 1/2 x 7 1/4. pp. 293. \$1.50. Postage 10 cts. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.

during his residence in Alma, not only among the people of his own congregation but among all with whom he has come in contact. St. John's Church and Sunday School have shown a substantial growth under his care.

THE REV. E. E. WILLIAMS of St. Clair, Michigan, will take charge of the church in Alma on October 1st. Mr. Williams is a graduate of Nashotah.

BISHOP WILLIAMS and family have returned to Detroit, after spending the summer at Mackinac Island.

THE FIRST meeting of the Detroit Clericus will be held on Monday, October 1st. Subject, "The Outlook for a Church Forward Movement in Detroit." Speaker, Bishop Williams.

MILWAUKEE.

I. L. NICHOLSON, D.D., Bishop.
WM. WALTER WEBB, D.D., Bp. Coadj.

An Old Parish Visited—The Bishop's Notes.

THE REV. W. M. REILLY, rector of St. Paul's Church, San Francisco, is at the East on a short vacation. He spent *en route* the Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity at St. Alban's Church, Sussex, Wis., the first parish he held after his ordination in 1861. He had never since visited the parish, so that it was more than forty years of absence. He found a few of the old parishioners left, but great changes everywhere. As stated in last week's LIVING CHURCH, Mr. Reilly's parish in San Francisco has been restored, after the earthquake, and he is seeking a rest after his strenuous summer's work.

NOTWITHSTANDING the illness of the Bishop of Milwaukee, he knows what is going on in the diocese, as evidenced by two pages of "Bishop's Notes" in the last *Church Times*. We quote a number of them:

THE REV. HARRY WILSON, M.A. (Jesus College, Cambridge), enters upon his duties as rector in charge of the Cathedral congregation, on Sunday, August 26th. He goes into residence with Mrs. Wilson on that date, occupying the second floor of the Armitage Presbytery. Mr. Wilson is a priest of wide repute, a theological writer of considerable merit, and a gentleman of most extensive friendship in England and in America. He has been in this country before. Of recent years his health has not been good and the past winter he spent in Egypt and the Holy Land. He now takes up active duty again and will remain with us should he be able to stand the rigor and vigor of these Wisconsin winters. He will, however, remain here throughout the entire coming winter in charge of the Cathedral congregation and see them through their Lenten and Easter duties. What comes after that we will have to discover as we go along. We all hope for a permanent appointment.

THE REV. DR. BARRY began his residence at Nashotah as Dean of the Seminary, on August 1st. Bishop Webb remains in residence on the Nashotah grounds, occupying the romantic building commonly known as "The Turkey Roost," where his widowed sister, Mrs. Leeds, will continue to reside with him. Bishop Webb likewise retains his city residence at the Bishop's House in Milwaukee, on the Cathedral grounds, whenever needed. He finds this likewise a great convenience. Bishop Webb, though a man of plain and unpretentious modes of living, has all unconsciously fallen into the style of the English Bishop with his town and country residences at one and the same time. But the diocese need not be alarmed lest their popular Coadjutor shall become too luxurious in his manner of life. Those who know "The Turkey Roost" of Nashotah's grounds and those who have seen the simple room in the episcopal residence, can remain well assured

that their plain, democratic, and humble-minded prelate is in no danger of over-fashionable living nor too close an imitator of English palatial styles.

THE REV. C. G. A. MONRO of Lancaster has been appointed as missionary in charge of Fennimore, Livingston, Cobb, and Montford, reviving our services in these stations, where we have no church buildings, but where we have loyal and devoted Church families, who cordially welcome the missionary. He has had 34 Baptisms in the past three months within his cure, 18 of them adults. This well shows what an active man with the true missionary spirit can do. Mr. Monro's missionary experience in Australia was of untold value to him, and he believes that a missionary in the saddle, or in his rig on dusty roads, is really doing God's work in a most acceptable and useful way. The Rev. A. W. Bell of Spooner is likewise extending his own missionary labors and has asked for the appointment of two more lay readers to assist him—Messrs. Henry Fisher of Shell Lake, and Robert Connell of Hayward.

FURTHER improvements continue at St. Luke's, Racine, in the chancel particularly, under the guidance of the Rev. W. G. Blossom. These will cost at least \$500. Alterations are made in the flooring, in the chancel rail, in the positions of the pulpit and the font. The new rectory building is rapidly going up. It will cost at least \$8,000 or more, and the good people of St. Luke's seem enthusiastic about this as about the other works they have undertaken to do.

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"Nothing did me any good. Soon I could take no food at all except strained oat meal; then a time came when I could not even take that. I lost courage and prepared myself to die. At that time my wife brought me a package of Grape-Nuts, but I had no confidence in anything any longer.

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MINNESOTA.

S. C. EDSALL, D.D., Bishop.

Marriage of the Rev. E. E. Lofstrom—Personals—Reopening of Gethsemane, Minneapolis.

THE REV. ELMER E. LOFSTROM, rector of Grace Church, Wabasha, was married on the 12th inst., to Mabel Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. C. Collins of Windom. In addition to his parochial duties, Father Lofstrom is the writer of the very acceptable Sunday School Lessons as published in THE LIVING CHURCH and in *The Young Churchman*. A large constituency will therefore wish much joy to the happy couple.

THE REV. J. P. MCCULLOUGH has resigned St. John's Church, Janesville.

THE REV. C. H. BEAULIEU, of Calvary Church, Waseca, has also resigned.

THE REV. CHARLES PLUMMER of Lake City with Bishop Graves of Laramie, is spending three weeks on an island in Turtle Lake, Minn.

GETHSEMANE CHURCH, Minneapolis, which has been closed for a few weeks for necessary repairs and re-decoration, was used for service last Sunday. Electric lights have taken the place of the gas, and the interior has been beautifully decorated. This church will be consecrated on October 21st, which will also be the time for its Jubilee services.

PENNSYLVANIA.

O. W. WHITAKER, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.
ALEX. MACKAY-SMITH, D.D., Ep. Coadj.

Changes at Old Christ Church—B.S.A. Meeting—Funds Needed for Valley Forge.

OLD Christ Church, Philadelphia (at present without a rector), has been closed for some months and has undergone a complete renovation. The stone work has been repainted and the entire church has been repainted. When it is remembered that Christ Church was built on made ground in 1727, enlarged in 1731, and the steeple erected in 1754, some sort of an idea may be gained of age and superior qualities of this venerable structure. The mitre on the top of the weather-vane, which took the place of the crown after the consecration of Bishop White in 1787, and which contains thirteen holes—one for each of the original states—has been regilded and many other improvements made. The Church will be reopened for service on Sunday, September 23, 1906. A few years ago a street was made on the west in order to protect the building from possible damage. There yet remains on the north two stores and a furniture factory which ought to be secured in order to further protect the property, intimately associated with the early history of the American Church and nation, so that streets will separate Christ Church on all four sides.

THE PRE-CONVENTION meeting of the Philadelphia Local Assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be held in the Church House on Thursday evening, September 27th, at eight. The topic for discussion will be: "Personal Advantages which Men Derive from Attending the Annual Convention and other meetings of the B. S. A." Speakers: Mr. Frank Otto Zesinger of St. Matthew's Chapter, Francisville; Mr. S. Mendelson Meehan of Grace Chapter, Mount Airy, and the Rev. John Edwin Hill, rector of All Saints' Church, Moyamensing. Arrangements are being perfected by which the Philadelphia party will leave Washington via the Southern Railway on Tuesday, October 16th, for Memphis, Tenn. A stop-over privilege has been secured on the return trip at Asheville, N. C., which will enable any of the delegates to attend the missionary convocation immediately after the adjournment of the convention at Memphis.

A NOTABLE course of sermons before the parish chapter of the B. S. A. connected with the Church of the Holy Apostles (the Rev. Nathaniel Seymour Thomas, rector), has been announced: November 11th, the Bishop of Chicago; December 2nd, the Bishop of Massachusetts; January 14th, the Bishop of Rhode Island; February 10th, the Bishop of West Virginia; April 14th, the Bishop of Kentucky.

THE SERMON delivered by the Bishop of Virginia on Washington's birthday, 1906, at the first service in the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, Pa. (the Rev. W. Herbert Burk, priest in charge), has been printed. The title is "The Glory of Valley Forge." Every effort is being made to raise funds for the completion of the structure. As many as fifty visitors have registered in one day on the book kept at the chapel for that purpose.

PITTSBURGH.

CORTLANDT WHITEHEAD, D.D., Bishop.
Meeting of the Northern Convocation—New Church at Clairton.

THE AUTUMN meeting of the Northern Convocation of the diocese will take place

[Continued on Page 920.]

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(Continued on Next Page.)

PITTSBURGH.

(Continued from page 916.)

on September 25th and 26th, in Christ Church, Oil City, the opening session being occupied by the benediction of the fine new parish house lately erected by that congregation.

THE NEW Church of the Transfiguration, at Clairton, was opened with a service of benediction by the Bishop of the diocese, on Sunday evening, September 9th. There were present also the Rev. L. F. Cole, Archdeacon of the diocese; the Rev. H. A. Flint, Ph.D., chaplain of the Laymen's Missionary League, and twelve of its lay readers and evangelists, vested in cassock and cotta, appropriately attending, because by the labors of the League the mission was organized two years ago, and brought to its present condition of prosperity, under the leadership of Archdeacon Flint. Archdeacon Cole said Evening Prayer, the lessons being read by two of the lay readers; Archdeacon Flint made a congratulatory address, and the Bishop preached and administered the apostolic rite of Confirmation. There was a large congregation in attendance, many being obliged to stand throughout the service. This church is the fourth one opened under the auspices of the League during the last two years. The church building is adapted Norman in style, and is of buff brick with white stone trimmings. It stands on a fine corner lot, 80x128, has a seating capacity of about 175, and cost in the neighborhood of \$8,000. Under the main building is a large and well-lighted room to be used for Sunday School and social gatherings. The interior is finished in what is known as "old mission"; there is ample space in the chancel, and its furniture is of tasteful design, and was presented by the Ladies' Guild.

WASHINGTON.

H. Y. SATTERLEE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

Notes of Diocesan Interest.

THE REBUILDING of Christ Church, La Plata, in Charles county, Md., a great part of which was destroyed by fire last March, has been going on so vigorously that it is nearly completed, and will soon be reopened for service in a building more substantial and beautiful than the former one. The fire, on a Sunday afternoon last Lent, was a stunning blow to the parish, for only a year before, the church had been removed from its original site at Port Tobacco, a few miles distant—taken down with great labor and rebuilt at La Plata, which had become the centre of activity and of the population of the neighborhood. Enlarged and beautiful, it had been opened at Easter 1905; and it was most disheartening to look upon its ruins. But with the insurance money, and some help from the diocese, the devoted and generous Church people of this country parish went to work under the leadership of their rector, Archdeacon G. C. Graham, and General Wilmer, an energetic vestryman, with most happy results. Of material assistance was the discovery by the Rev. W. D. Thomas, diocesan missionary, of a quantity of sandstone in a junk-yard in Georgetown, which proved to be of the kind used in Colonial times, and of which the original church was built. As there is no stone in that section, it was feared at the time of the fire, that this the largest stone building in southern Maryland, could not be restored; but the new church is of the same material, and in many ways of better quality, to the great satisfaction of the people.

DURING the summer, the Rev. George C. Graham, Archdeacon of Charles and St. Mary's counties, has made a visitation of all the parishes and mission stations in his district. Though the incessant rain during August often interfered with his appointments, he found everywhere unusually large

(Continued from Previous Page.)

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and interested congregations, and the evidence of a more prosperous condition than ever before. The new rectors who have come to many of the ancient parishes have brought new life into the Church in southern Maryland, and are working with much energy and hopefulness. Mr. Charles T. Warner of Rockville accompanied the Archdeacon to some points, and gave instructive addresses on the Missionary Thank Offering of 1907.

By the will of the late Lewis J. Davis, whose death was noted last week, the diocese of Washington will eventually become possessed of a valuable piece of property—the house on Massachusetts Avenue, near the

Bishop's residence, which has been the home of Mr. Davis for many years. After the death of Mrs. Davis, and a niece, who have in succession a life interest in the property, it is left to the convention of the diocese, to be used for a purpose to be decided by that body, as a memorial to his wife.

THE LITTLE SANCTUARY, which shelters the Jerusalem Altar, and the Glastonbury Cathedral, is being enlarged, the intention being to use it as the chapel of the Choir School, which is now nearly completed.

WEST VIRGINIA.

GEO. W. PETERKIN, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.
WM. L. GRAYATT, Bp. Coadj.

Improvement at St. Matthews.

DURING the absence of the Rev. David W. Howard, rector of St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, the vestrymen have inaugurated, and will have completed before his return, some very substantial improvements in and around the church property. The new cement pavement now being laid, surrounding the church property, is about completed and the improvement adds very much to the appearance of the church and to the convenience of the parishioners. Another substantial improvement under way is the removal of the old wooden steps in the vestibule and their replacement by reinforced concrete steps. The reinforcement is of steel manufactured by a Pittsburgh concern, and which supports the concrete placed thereon. The steps when completed will be as enduring as stone. It is hoped by the vestrymen that these improvements will be completed by the return of Mr. Howard, which will be about the middle of September.

CANADA.

News from the Dioceses.

Diocese of Montreal.

BISHOP MONTGOMERY, now travelling in Canada, studying the needs and methods of missionary work there on behalf of the S. P. G., will be in Montreal and address a meeting in Trinity Church, September 20th. A great deal of interest is taken in his visit. A Canadian Bishop says his visit means more to the Canadian Church than did the visit of his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Bishop Montgomery was consecrated Bishop of Tasmania in 1889. He resigned his see in 1901 to take up his present work in connection with the S. P. G., and in 1901 the king appointed him Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Diocese of Ontario.

THE REV. CANON FARTHING, rector of St. Paul's, Woodstock, and Prolocutor of the General Synod, has received and accepted the appointment of the rectorship of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston.

Diocese of Toronto.

BISHOP SWEATMAN has approved of the offer made to the Rev. Dr. Dicker, son-in-law of Bishop Dunn of Quebec, and at present at work in St. John, diocese of Fredericton, of the rectorate of St. Luke's Church, Toronto, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Langtry.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, Burnt River, is to be consecrated by Bishop Sweatman before long, though the date has not been fixed. A chapter of St. Andrew's Brotherhood has been organized in the mission, as well as a ladies' guild, and both are doing well.—A FINE memorial window has been presented to St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, by Mr. Frank Turner, in memory of his sister. He had previously presented another window to the Cathedral, in memory of his parents.—THE Ven. Archdeacon Duckworth, rector of St. James' Church, St. Louis, preached in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, August 26th.